

THE
WAR CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

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"IN MEMORIAM."
Gods Memory of the Just is Blessed.

CROSSING THE BAR.

By Lord Tennyson.

Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

How the Christian and the Infidel Meet Death.

A Contrast.

The last words of Michael Angelo (1664) were: "I give my life to God, my body to the earth, my goods to my relations. I die in the faith of Jesus Christ, and in the firm hope of a better life."

Mirabeau, the great French sceptic, cried, "Give me a narcotic, that I shall not be able to think of eternity, and what is to happen. I have yet a lot of strength, but no more courage!"

General Havelock (1837) whilst dying said, "Come near, my children, and see how a Christian can die."

Altamont, the infidel, said, "My principles have poisoned my friends; my extravagances have ruined my children; my wicked heart has killed my wife, and yet there is another hell, O Thou God Almighty, yet merciful, whom I have blasphemed all my life, hell would be a refuge if I should not have to meet Thee."

John Wesley's dying words were, "The best of all is, God is with us!"

Hannah Moore (1833), "Jesus is all in all! I know that my Redeemer liveth. The love of Christ is a glorious thing to die with!"

Happiness of a Glorified Spirit.

Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house in the mansions prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long and often wished to be, no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbor. My working time is done, and I am rising. My sowing time is done, and I am reaping. My joy is as the joy of harvest. Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness; grace is swallowed up in glory. The top stone of the building is brought forth. Would you know what I am doing? I see God. I see Him as He is, not as through a glass darkly, but face to face and the sight is transforming, it makes me like Him. I am in the sweet enjoyment of my blessed Redeemer.

I am here, keeping a perpetual Sabbath, and what that is, judge by your short Sabbath. I am here, singing hallelujah incessantly to Him who sits upon the throne, and rest not day and night from praising Him. Would you know what company I keep? Blessed company; better than the best on earth. Here are holy Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of God; with blessed Paul, and Peter, and James, and John, and all the saints; and here I meet with many of the old acquaintances that I tested and prayed with, who came hither before me. And, lastly, will you know how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers, a crown of glory that fades not away. After millions and millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now; and, therefore, weep not for me.—Matthew Henry.

Glorifying God in Death.

During his last illness, Archbishop Whateley's intellect was unclouded. Someone said to him:

"Are you dying as you lived—great to the last?"

His answer was, "I am dying as I have lived—in the faith of Jesus."

Another said, "What a blessing that your glorious intellect is unimpaired."

He answered, "Do not call intellect glorious; there is nothing glorious out of Christ."

Another said, "The great fortitude of your character now supports you."

"No; it is not my fortitude that supports me, but my faith in Christ."

With such witness on his lips and in his acts, Archbishop Whateley passed away.

Memories of Holy Ann.

By Ensign Jamieson.

After sanctification it was revealed by the Holy Spirit unto Holy Ann that her Father's will was contained in the words of the Apostle, 1 Thess. v. 16, 17, 18, "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

However, one day something happened in the household, which made her feel and say that it was impossible to rejoice evermore. Immediately she was led of the Spirit into the parlor; the window being open, a beautiful bird flew into her presence. To use her own words—

"Father said, 'Take hold of that bird.'" She caught it and admired its beauty.

"Clip One of its Wings."

was her Father's next bidding.

"Oh, Father dear, if I did that the poor thing couldn't fly any more," was her immediate answer.

Then the meaning was revealed unto her at once that if she ceased to "rejoice evermore" she would lose her salvation and joy in the Lord, and be utterly useless in the service of her Lord and Master.

The Vision of the Ladder.

On another occasion the Lord very definitely revealed to Holy Ann that no matter how far advanced in the Christian life a person may be, there is still a possibility of falling. She had a vision of a ladder extending from earth to heaven. She herself was almost at the top of the ladder, while others were far below; in fact, very few on the highest rungs. But as the ladder swung to and fro she looked downwards, and cried out for fear of falling, when a voice said:

"Look up, and take hold of the top rung, which is Jesus Christ, and you will be all right."

Immediately she did this she felt quite secure, but she was taught the lesson that the higher the person is in the Christian life the greater the fall if he takes his eyes off Jesus.

The Man-Made Lord.

The incident in connection with the name "Lord Roberts" happened in our parlor. She came across a book of my cousin's called "Lord Roberts." She brought it to me and said:

"What Lord is this?"

On hearing the explanation she said:

"Oh, no wonder my heart didn't burn at his name, for he is only a man-made lord."

Ann simply lived every moment in sweet communion with her Heavenly Father, listening for His voice to sanction her every footstep. When He wanted her to go any place He very definitely revealed it to her by His Spirit, and when unable to take the journey herself He always provided a "pilot" for her.

The Need of a Pilot.

Some years ago He revealed to her that it was necessary for someone to accompany her at times, on account of dangers which she didn't understand. In her own words:

"Father said, 'Now, when I want you to go out on the cars' (this was when the electric cars first started to run in Toronto, and there were so many accidents) 'I will send you a pilot.' She said:

"What is that, Father, dear?"

The next day a lady came to take her to see a person who was sick, and Father said, "This is one of my pilots."

Since then I have had the privilege of being her pilot many times, as she was a dear friend of ours for nearly eighteen years, and she always had that sweet, simple, Christ-like faith, looking up to Father's face every moment, which made her presence a real inspiration to every one with whom she came in contact. Her memory is ever blessed to those who have had the honor and privilege of knowing her.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Special Subject for Prayer: Pray for all who have had dear ones pass into the Hereafter.
Sunday, Oct. 23.—Not I, but Christ.—Gal. i. 14.
18-20; iii. 13-25.
Monday, Oct. 29.—Fruits of the Spirit.—Gal. 5:22; vi. 1-4.
Tuesday, Oct. 30.—Above the Highest.—Eph. i. 1-9.
Wednesday, Oct. 31.—Unfathomable Love.—Eph. ii. 18-22; iii. 14-21.
Thursday, Nov. 1st.—Gifts for Growth.—Eph. iv. 1-14.
Friday, Nov. 2.—Spiritual Cleansing.—Eph. iv. 23-32; v. 8-14.
Saturday, Nov. 3.—Pome Holiness.—Eph. v. 15-32; vi. 1-4.

Shall We Know Each Other in Heaven?

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Re-union.

"I shall go to him."—David.

"Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss, Should they not know each other when in bliss."

When we are looking forward to meeting our loved one, how eagerly we count the days, and how we are that disappointment may occur—even at the last moment a vague fear will creep over us and we say anxiously, "Oh, if anything should happen after all to prevent our loved one coming" but when we look into the loving eyes, feel the clasp of the warm hand or the tender embrace, we exclaim, "Why, it seems but yesterday we parted, you look so natural." And, beloved, when we reach the other side and greet our dear ones, perhaps the separations here, which, though born with a smile for the sake of those about us, have torn our hearts in secret, the losses which have emptied our lives of so much joy and pleasure, will be obliterated in the joy of re-union.

"But," says some lonely one, "I am sure of my friends here, perhaps I shall not know them in the new country." If Peter, James, and John recognized Moses and Elias upon the transfiguration mount, whom they had not known in life, neither seen picture or portrait, surely we shall know those who have shared our joys and sorrows and filled our life's cup with its best and sweetest good.

David had this confidence when his heart was desolate, and he wiped the tears he was shedding for the loss of his son, and with the assurance that faith gives, exclaimed, "He shall not return unto me, but I shall go to him."

Mr. Punshon has said: "The question of the recognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate re-union with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclothing of the nature we possess, only the clothing upon it of the garments of a brighter and more glorious immortality."

Ah, no, death will not sever the bond which binds human hearts together on earth.

Then, bereaved heart, take comfort. You cannot restore those whose going away has made a void in your life and a vacancy in your home, yet you shall surely meet each other again in the after life and remember each other as before, and all the relationships of earth will be adjusted harmoniously by a loving Father's hand. Some power, mysterious to you now, as some of earth's hidden forces are mysterious, will bring you to those whom you have loved long since and lost awhile."

A holy calling never saved any man without a holy heart; if our tongues only be sanctified, our whole man must be damned.—Flavel.

If it be the characteristic of a worldly man that he deprecates what is holy, it should be of the Christian to consecrate what is secular, and to recognize a present and presiding divinity in all things.—Chalmers.

Culture is good, genius is brilliant, civilization is a blessing, education is a great privilege; but we may be educated villains. The thing that we want most of all is the precious gift of the Holy Ghost.—John Hall.

"Warriors Who Have Exchanged the Cross for the Crown."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."



The dying testimony of our dear Army Mother never be forgotten. Among the many wonderful things she said the following stands out in the forefront. "The waters are rising, and so am I; I am going under, but over."

To tell of all the losses on the wide battlefields of the universal Salvation Army is beyond the scope of the War Cry's possibility. In every land brave, devoted followers of the Lamb have fallen from the forces militant to those triumphant above. Of many nationalities, color, race, and age, it is a striking fact that in no instance has the whisper of a regret or murmur been left behind as to their choice of life-long service in the service of God and the Army. On the contrary, their testimonies are like one great and accordant chime, sounding forth thanks and adoration for the privileges of service in the Kingdom of God. And this is so in spite of the fact that many have been taken from comparative youth, or as the world terms it, prematurely. No child of God can accept such a suggestion. God does nothing prematurely. His plans are perfect. His wisdom is infinite. The designation of His loyal followers whether to earthly or heavenly service, cannot for one moment be questioned. "He doeth all things well," and it is only because we see through a glass darkly, that we are liable to misunderstand His great conception.

Canadian Promotions.

During the year two officers have been promoted in the ranks in Canada to the ranks in Glory. Design Simon McDonald, who came out of West-
N.S. He gave nineteen years' service as an officer, and when the call came he was found ready. Capt. Jennie Gratto was a soldier at Truro, N.S., was promoted to Glory from Earlton. Although her service was a short one, her influence was blessed. "I am very weak indeed," she said, "but I am trusting Jesus. He is ever the same." Many soldiers have crossed the river during the year. We have only space for the following testimonies:

Mrs. Manton, the beloved wife of Staff-Captain Manton, in giving her parting testimony exclaimed, "I have conquered every foe."

Being a deaf mute, the testimony of Sergt. Charles Manton, age 70, of Grand Bank, Nfld., can never be forgotten by those privileged to see him. The notion of that dear old hand from the heart to the nation in which he expected to take his flight, to capture that sometimes lighted those eyes with more than common intelligence, were clear evidence of how God's Spirit can convey His truth to the heart of one never privileged with hearing the wonderful story of Calvary read, or being able to speak at all.

Being asked just before she died whether she had any regrets for having given herself up for Christ, Treasurer Virtue Power, of Bonaville, Nfld., said, "Oh, no! Were I to live it again it would be God's will."

Another Russell, of New Glasgow, was asked during illness by Adj. and Mrs. Cooper about her usual condition, and she answered, "All is well. My sickness is unto death I shall only be too glad to go to my Redeemer."

Another Rogers, of Fredericton, said in his last moments to the corps, "I don't know when I shall be able to go, but I want to be ready and faithful." His last words before he passed away were, "I am ready."

Another Martin, St. John III., called her children and her bedside and exclaimed, "I am going to meet Jesus. Don't weep for me."

When Capt. Coy visited Mrs. Walter Bullock, the widow of the Sergeant-Major of Montreal, Ill., and asked her how it was with her soul, she said, "All well. There is not a cloud between me and

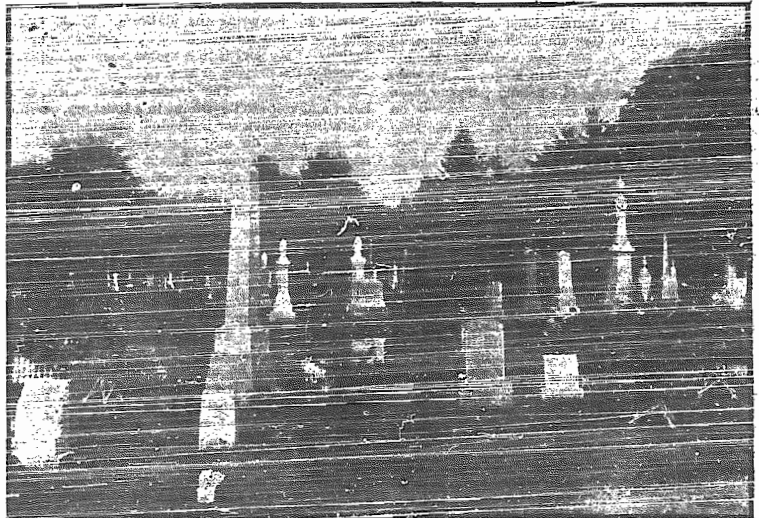
heaven. Everything before me is so beautiful."

During the illness which terminated in the death of Sister Gutler, of Vancouver, she said to the officers, "Of course I would like to live to care for and bring up my child in the way it should go, as well as be a help and a comfort to my husband, but I am perfectly reconciled to the will of Him who doeth all things well."

Brother Strome, of Saskatoon, said in his last testimony, "All is well. I am trusting in Jesus." He had only been saved eleven weeks.

A dear sister of Palmerston corps, Lyla Wilfred by name, used to sing as best she could in her sickness, "Jesus knows all about our struggles," and trusting in Him went to her reward.

Corra Bryson (seventeen years old), of Petrolia, said to her mother, who was by her dying couch, "Good-bye, mamma. Sweet Jesus!" and her soul took its flight.



The Army Lot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto.

The godly father of Brigadier and Adj. Collier, and also the godly father of Staff-Captain Gideon Miller, both fought bravely for Jesus, and were true soldiers of the Salvation Army, one in Watford and the other in Paris. After fighting a good fight, and waging a good warfare, they laid down their weapons, leaving behind them the influence of a godly life, while their sons remain in the ranks to carry on the glorious work they loved so well.

Brother Roughly, of Oshawa, was brought under conviction while under the influence of liquor, and the power of God was manifested in his complete deliverance. He carried the Army drum for many years, and stood faithfully by the drum. When dying he asked Capt. Hannagan to give him a good Army funeral, and gave his testimony when dying by saying, "God is with me."

Sister Mrs. Rigby, of Leaside Junction, was a splendid soldier of the Salvation Army. In her last testimony she devoutly thanked God for the beautiful, bright experience he had brought her into and with great earnestness faithfully warned sinners. Her face seemed more than usually lit up with heavenly radiance, and the call came to her suddenly to find her ready.

Sister Mrs. Gilbert, of Bowmanville, one of the oldest soldiers of the Salvation Army in that town, was a devoted lover of the uniform, and regularly attended the open-air meetings. The last time she

marched she took hold of a soldier by the arm and said, "Help me along. I want to march once more. I want to speak to the boys once more about Jesus." Her strength failed her on her way back to the hall. She never marched again the streets of Bowmanville, but in a short time after she was marching the Golden Streets.

United Kingdom.

From the British ranks of Field Officers several have been called higher; we can only mention two or three.

Mrs. Adj. French, after twelve years' service, left the following record:

"She carried her religion and her principles into the smallest details of every-day life, and believed in the Gospel of hard work, had scant patience with anyone who had time to 'dawdle' about."

"I never remember I was," says her sorrowing husband, "sitting down with nothing to do, even for a quarter of an hour, until through sheer weakness she had to do so."

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," might with truth be inscribed on her memorial, for this was indeed the main-spring of her life. In the corps and out of it, at the meetings or behind the scenes in her home "OTHERS" was her motto and her chief concern.

She was intensely sympathetic. There never came to the meetings, or to the door of the quarters a man or a woman or a child who was too degraded or too dirty for Mrs. French to be kind and generous to.

To the Army she was affectionately and unreservedly loyal. Even when her views were crossed she would say, "Oh, well, Headquarters knows better than I do"; and when her husband was in perplexity about a local difficulty she would urge him to "Stick to the Regulations, and you will be all right."

The uniform was to her a delight, and for twenty-three years as a soldier and an officer she never had a dress made, except to work in, that was not uniform.

Sincerity was her strongest point and anything that was unreal she detested. She fearlessly exposed hypocrisy, but at the same time no one could be more ready to forgive and to welcome back a penitent.

Many of the names of other comrades who have been promoted will be found on another page, although the unavoidable pressure of space compels us to withhold many details we desired to give War Cry readers in this connection.

Twenty-Fourth Territorial Anniversary Congress in Toronto

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs Conduct a Wonderful Series of Five Days' Meetings

Brilliant and Enthusiastic Civic Welcomes—Acting-Mayor Shaw and Aldermen Receive 300 Staff and Field Delegates Most Cordially—The General's Message Evokes Boundless Enthusiasm—Memorable Officers' Councils and Inauguration of the Holiness Campaign.

Wednesday Night's Reception Meeting.

By Lieut.-Colonel Pagmire.

Although it was a wet, drizzly night on the opening of the Twenty-Fourth Anniversary of the Army's inception to Canada, yet the Temple building, which has been newly painted and renovated, was packed by officers and soldiers. The Chief Secretary lived out the first song, very applicable to the occasion, "Jesus, the name high over all." Ensign Gilliam's solo caught on, the chorus of which runs—

"I'm glad I'm a Salvation Soldier,
I promise to stand brave and true
To the flag with the star in the centre,
The Yellow, the Red, and the Blue."

While he sang the chorus he kept the colors waving over his head.

The Commissioner, on rising to his feet, was greeted with an affectionate welcome in which Mrs. Coombs shared. The Commissioner expressed himself very grateful to God for such a gathering of soldiers whose hearts God had touched. He expressed sorrow that His Worship Mayor Coatsworth, who had kindly promised to officially welcome those attending the Congress, could not be present on account of illness. He was glad that His Worship was following in the footsteps of his father in tenderness and sympathy for the good work which is being done by the Army. However, Acting-Mayor Shaw kindly consented to take the place of the Mayor.

Acting-Mayor Shaw on rising was cheered again and again. He regretted the absence of the Mayor, but said that His Worship could not claim to be an older friend of the Salvation Army than he was. Our city has been called "Toronto the Good," but there was still a great deal of good to be done. Not only here, but all over the Dominion, he believed the Army was carrying out almost to the very letter the teachings of the Word of God. Whenever he saw the Army engaged in open-air work, etc., he always felt like taking off his hat and saying, "God bless the Army." On behalf of the city he gave the delegates a very hearty welcome, and trust they will receive much benefit from their attendance at the councils.

After the T. H. Q. Male Quartette had rendered a suitable selection, the Commissioner read the following message from the General:

THE GENERAL'S CABLED MESSAGE.

"Another year's sacrifices and successes demand my heartiest congratulations. The material and spiritual progress delights me. With Blood-and-Fire religion, you are fighting for God and righteousness. God is fighting for you. Your Commissioner leans you, and your General hopes to meet you soon."

(Signed) William Booth.

It was some time after reading the message before the Commissioner could get a hearing, for his devoted officers and soldiers were so delighted with the message that they were not behind in expressing

The Officers' Councils.

By the General Secretary.

While there is always a large amount of interest centred in the public gatherings held in connection with the Annual Congress, it is towards the councils proper that the mind and heart of the officers turn with expectation and faith. Those among us of longer experience are helped in this by memories of past outpourings of Pentecostal power. At these gatherings new light is welcomed, new revelation enjoyed, new power bestowed, and new consecrations made, and from these "upper room" experiences comrades go forth again inspired for the war.

There was a feeling of intense anticipation manifest as the council assembled. The grand meeting of the previous night had stimulated an already robust faith.

The Commissioner was most enthusiastically received on ascending the platform. Brisk, bright, and yet withal serious, his very alertness was contagious. "My soul is now united," splendidly sung, preceded the prayers of Mrs. Colonel Kyle and Mrs. Major Rawling. The Commissioner then lifted heart and voice to the throne in a touching, emotion-vibrating petition for individual blessing. "Answer for me, Lord, for me!" he cried, which evoked a chorus of impassioned "Amen's!" The atmosphere was electric with a holy emotion. Eager, pleading, longing was outlined on the spiritual faces of that waiting host, and God, "who giveth liberally," scattered blessing with lavish hand.

The Commissioner's initial remarks worthy of such an occasion, instantly produced an echo in the hearts of his hearers.

"It is my joy to welcome you here and to congratulate you upon the auspicious commencement of our Congress. The representatives of the city spoke well of the Army last night; I cannot see how they could do otherwise than speak well of the Army, especially in such a meeting. The speakers of the City Council did well, and so did those comrades who replied on behalf of the Army."

Tangible Progress.

The Commissioner told the council that in every department of our work tangible progress had been made during the year, and mentioned that six new building sites had been secured in Toronto alone. He also spoke of having acquired properties in Vancouver and other places.

A heart-talk which will live long in the memories of those who heard it closed the session. The singing of old-time songs was a special feature of the council.

The Young People's Work—A Wonderful Census—Dedicated for Foreign Service.

After the opening exercises, the Commissioner announced that he had been led to select various officers to speak on certain subjects at each of the afternoon sessions.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin spoke on the Young People's Work, and urged upon all present to give greater attention to this branch of work than ever before. He declared that the Young People's Work was the best recruiting ground the Army had. At the close of the address the Commissioner took a census of the council, and asked those who were saved before they were seventeen years of age to stand. Fully two-thirds rose, an eloquent and convincing argument in favor of saving the young. The Chief Secretary next spoke on

"The F. O.'s Weapons of Warfare."

On rising he suggested that if the Commissioner had asked all those who were converted before reaching twenty years of age to stand, almost the entire council would be included.

The Colonel, in dealing with his subject, urged for the cultivation and employment of such powers and capacities as each possessed. He spoke on

the power of imagination, holy ambition, love for souls, and faith in God, as being essential qualities for successful warfare.

At the close of the afternoon session the Commissioner dedicated Adj. and Mrs. LeCoeq (promoted on the spot) for service in the West India also Staff-Capt. Manton, who is about to proceed to England to represent Canada in connection with Emigration Work.

The Commissioner called to the platform the Provincial Officers. The colors unfurled were lifted. The group being flanked by the Chief Secretary and the General Secretary, stood while the Commissioner solemnly charged our comrades to be "faithful, loyal, and true" to the colors which they had tightly grasped. Brigadier Hargrave prayed. Adj. and Mrs. LeCoeq spoke in straightforward soldierly fashion, declaring they would be true to God as the flag. Dear old Staff-Capt. Manton also spoke suitably to the occasion, and the session closed by all present singing a consecration song. It was most solemn and impressive event, and will live long in the memories of those present.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Introduction of New Song Book.

The preliminary exercises were soul- uplifting. "Nearer to Thee," sung while kneeling, brought the council into close touch with the Divine, as added tone and force to the already deeply spiritual atmosphere. "Oh, disclose Thy loving face" was heartily sung from the new Song Book, the introduction of which was one of the events of the Congress, and conducted considerably to the success of the singing, many of the grand old songs containing so signally those deep spiritual sentiments which found an echo in every heart.

The Commissioner's chief topic had to do with "The Officer Himself." It is not possible to commit to cold type the pregnant utterances by which the thoughts of the speaker were conveyed to the council, so deep, fervent, and forceful were they. "If you cannot remember the exact spot where God saved or sanctified you, be quite certain the you possess the deep consciousness that the war has been done, and that you are in possession of the blessing now. The personal character of the F. O. must be right and true. In order to realize the great objects of the S. A. get in touch with the deep teaching. What is the basis of your officer's ship? The great motive power that prompted you must have been love for souls. God's call to His service is based upon one common ground. Remember that you are called of God. There is many temptations and difficulties that will lead you to draw you away, but always remember God's call. God is the base of all successful work as well as of your officer'ship. Do not be troubled because you cannot see God—He is real just the same. Although the wind and heat cannot be seen, yet you feel them, and are thus conscious of their presence. Thought cannot be seen, yet how real it is. What a wonderful power memory is, yet you have never seen it."

In discussing the subject of public speaking, the Commissioner gave some sound advice. "Get your illustrations from things around you. Christ did. The General himself speaks in the most simple language, and is, perhaps, the greatest Gospel speaker of the century. It has caused him an effort to get there. So it will you. Do not despise humor. It is very helpful. Do not let it be your master. Make it the vehicle to convey conviction. Apply your own material to yourself. Use wisdom in the presentation of truth." Thus the Commissioner proceeded with apt illustration combined with terse truth in thrilling language. He instructed his officers in what sort of men they should be and what kind of workmen in God's Kingdom. The meeting was conceded to have been one of the best ever attended by those present. The Commissioner's address was a real treat.

Aldermen Vaughan and Hay, who supported Acting-Mayor Shaw, expressed sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army in a very hearty fashion, and after singing "God bless our Army brave," the meeting was brought to a close.

Departmental Themes Ably Discussed.

Following the plan adopted on Thursday afternoon, the Commissioner had a number of Staff Officers to speak upon various subjects.

Brigadier Southall "scussed" with the council "Trade Topics," and in his usual fluent style dealt with the affairs of his Department. He trenchantly stated that the Trade Department were offering better material and better workmanship than could be produced elsewhere at the same prices. He added for increased interest in the Trading operations of the Army, the profits of which provided the news of war.

Brigadier Howell discussed freely and fully upon immigration matters, and thanked the council for the interest taken in the "new comers" to this country.

Brigadier Bond, the new Editor, treated us to an address on the "Power of the Pen." His illustrations were called from many historic sources, lending additional inspiration to his subject, which was well dealt with.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire in an impassioned address pleaded the cause of the "jail bird." He told several touching stories of how prisoners had been dealt with by the Army officers, and what wonderful success had been achieved from sin and crime had been effected.

Brigadier Taylor "waxed warm" on the subject the "Men we Need for Officers." The Brigadier stated that the need of the Army was men of character, men of unquestioned godliness, who, consecrated to a purpose, had the necessary intelligence to become leaders. "We want," said he, "in the raw material all the qualities which make up the finished article."

At the close of this session the Commissioner called to the platform a number of officers whom he dedicated for service in various parts of the country. Adj. Morris to be Private Secretary to the Commissioner; Adj. Arnold to be Territorial Engineer; Adj. Crichton to the London Provincial Headquarters; Staff-Capt. Hay to the London Division; Staff-Capt. McLean to the Hamilton Division; Staff-Capt. Turpin to the Trade Department. In impressive language the Commissioner urged these comrades to be faithful to their high calling.

Colonel Sharp spoke on behalf of the new Divisional Officers, and a splendid session thus closed.

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs' Address to the Council.

The already successful sittings of the councils had acted as an extra stimulus to the faith of all at the closing session. An air of spiritual expectancy pervaded the assembly when the opening song rang out. The preliminaries over, the Commissioner called upon Mrs. Coombs to address the council. Her choice remarks were followed with intense interest. She appealed for a noble, consecrated womanhood, a devoted motherhood. She urged the right training of the children in a voice vibrating with emotion. She told how her mother-heart had been centred upon the salvation of her own children, and how gloriously God had answered her prayers, and how delighted she was to see her "own dear children fighting under the flag." Many were moved to tears while she spoke. Her loving, tender words will remain with us, and will continue to bear fruit in future days.

The Commissioner's address, which followed the singing of a song, was based upon the words, "Can ye see dry bones live?" He began his remarks by ascribing the error of the Israelites. He told the council that there was "hope in the captivity," and that "all those who were dead in trespasses and sin might live again." He then took us step by step through the process of how a revival might be brought about, and declared that there was no sound so hard, no field so sterile, but what by the precious blessing of God a good harvest might be reaped. The address was an inspiration to all. Many comrades present could see the desert blossoming as the rose, and could see waters breaking out in the wilderness. This address by the Commissioner is but a herald of a revival which will break out through the length and breadth of the Territory during this winter. The closing moments of the council will never be forgotten. With closed eyes and uplifted hands, four hundred hearts and lives were consecrated to God, and vows were made, and, while with waiting hearts at the altar stood before God in full surrender, the Holy Ghost fell and sealed the offering. Thus ended the officers' councils, which have been unanimously declared to be "the best yet."

Inauguration of Holiness Campaign

The Temple Crowded—One-Time Truth Presented—Flare Addresses by P. O.'s—Good Omen.

By the Chief Secretary.

Perhaps no meeting of the councils was fraught with greater importance than the inauguration meeting of the Holiness Campaign. A simultaneous meeting had been arranged in all the corps in the Provinces, other than Ontario and Quebec, and many thoughts from distant cities, towns, and villages would at this time be turned to the Toronto Temple. The whole Territory was linked together with one purpose.

The Temple was crowded, platform, body, and gallery. The uniform predominated, but there were many friends of holiness teaching present, intelligent-looking, inspired, and expectant. The preliminaries, led on by the Chief Secretary, were hushed—the singing flamed the flame of holy fire and the prayers took hold of the throat of God. The Commissioner explained the significance of this particular gathering, and then called for some testimonies. Adj. Howell, in charge of Riverdale, was at home on the subject. He explained his conversion, his longings afterwards for deliverance from inward foes, and his subsequent deliverance. The Adjutant is a fiery apostle, and stirred the meeting thoroughly.

Adj. Kendall, of Brantford, was very explicit. He, too, remembered his conversion as a youth, his longings for purity, and the moment when he could sing—

"My idols I cast at Thy feet,

My all I return Thee, who gave,

This moment the work is complete,

For Thou art almighty to save."

Mrs. Colofel Kyle remembered her sanctification. Although thirty years have gone by, the memory is vivid, fresh, and sweet, when, as a girl, her consecration was made and the cleansing blood purified her soul. Since that time she has led hundreds into the priceless blessing.

These testimonies were definite, enunciated with clearness and fervor that could not fail to tell upon the interested listener.

"Lead me higher up the mountain," a song by the Quartette, sang sweetly with much feeling, and a tune from the band, preceded the Commissioner's talk on "Blessed are the pure in heart." Naturally, the subject was chosen with an eye to its simplicity and because the speaker wished to make distinct and comprehensible the Salvation Army belief in the doctrine of sanctification. It was a clear exposition of the subject, and a fundamental declaration, an example for those who will afterwards, in the subsequent meetings throughout the campaign, and during the winter season, be called upon to proclaim this truth from many platforms.

The meeting ended with a consecration meeting wherein a number sought the blessing of a clean heart.

It was an elevating meeting full of truth and power. The P. O.'s were there, the D. O.'s, the F. O.'s, and many visiting soldiers. The effect must be a resurrection of spiritual life in some lifeless corps, and the springing forth of the revival spirit in many places. The repetition and continuation of such meetings must and will set the Army in Canada on fire.

Saturday Night's Open-Air Demonstration.

The great meeting at the Temple Saturday night was preceded by three splendid open-air. The Staff Officers, led on by Colonel Kyle, at Adelaide and Yonge; Field Officers at Richmond and Yonge, led by Lieut.-Colonel Gavlin, and at Albert and Yonge Brigadier Howell led on the soldiery. These open-air gatherings were of the right stamp and the great crowds that passed up and down Yonge Street were attracted by the red-hot talks. The Holy Ghost songs gripped the consciences of many and brought them face to face with eternal things. About 7.30 the magnificent Temple Band reached Adelaide Street, and proceeding up Yonge, picked up the various open-air contingents. The march continued up Yonge Street as far as Wilton Ave., great crowds flocking the sidewalks on both sides. This procession of about 600, marching to the strains of beautiful Army music, was no mere affair, and created no little stir. Glory be to God. We can't have enough of this sort of thing, and many who are continually talking about the good old days gone by, will change their tune and talk about great grand days of the present. Hallelujah!—Owen.

Saturday Night in the Temple.

Yonge Street was alive with Salvationists about seven o'clock Saturday night. The General Secretary led an open-air with the Field Officers, the Chief Secretary another with the Staff Officers, and Brigadier Howell commanded the open-air meeting at the Temple corps. Great crowds listened to the thrilling testimonies and addresses given. These open-air meetings were followed by a sweeping march, headed by the magnificent Temple Band. The Temple was packed to its utmost capacity for the indoor meeting, the Chief Secretary in command. From the opening song to the closing "Amen" the meeting was thoroughly enthusiastic, and yet deeply spiritual. Brigadier Burditt spoke to us on "The Beginning of Testimony," Brigadier Hargrave on "Troubled Testimonies," Brigadier Turner on "Starting Testimonies," and Lieut.-Colonel Sharp finished up with "The Testimony of a Good Conscience." Each speaker gripped the crowd, and when the Chief Secretary pulled in the net we had the joy of seeing a number at the mercy seat crying for salvation. This meeting presaged a good time on the morrow.

A Day with God.

Open Councils—An Exalted Standard—Much Light and Revelation Diffused.

By Brigadier Collier.

Monday had been announced as "A Day with God." As far as the meeting conducted in the morning is concerned, it was all that had been announced. After preliminary exercises, Brigadier Taylor read the Scripture.

The Commissioner based his remarks on Romans vi. 13, "But yield yourselves unto God." Truly, his words were clothed with might, and were carried by the Spirit's power to the hearts of officers, soldiers, and Christians present. The Commissioner dealt principally on the total abandonment of ourselves to God, drawing illustrations from the late Russo-Japanese war on the point of concession, making it clear that unless we are prepared to confess our faults to each other, we could not very well confess them to God. He told us that the reason people make such poor headway in their confession to God, is owing to the fact that they are not willing to make matters right with their comrades. He also spoke on the need of self-abandonment. We are responsible for our own work, and no one else could do this for us.

At the close of the meeting a number yielded to God on the lines laid down by the Commissioner.

Monday Afternoon Meeting.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"Now I know that to me Thou wilt show
What before I never could see."

That seemed to be the confident note which rang out through the opening song. The spirit of expectancy lighted on many faces, and a holy influence pervaded the place made sacred to so many of us through past experiences and blessing participated in and received within its walls. Divine influences are impossible to describe in pen words. They can only be understood by human spirits. But unctio rested upon all the exercises, and as we sang "Holy Spirit, seal me I pray," waves of joy and peace swept over waiting hearts. "God wants to give us grace on the abundant plan," said the Commissioner.

The Provincial Officers were the chief speakers. Brigadier Hargrave led the way, emphasizing the importance of a holy life.

Brigadier Turner's subject was consecration, giving some good illustrations in an earnest, impressive manner.

The Quartette sang in their usual touching way that favorite song.

"My Father, God, is at the helm,
No waves, no storms, can mo o'erwhelm."

Brigadier Turner's theme was "Obtaining the Blessing of a Clean Heart." "It is necessary for a man to see himself," was the pivot around which he clustered some helpful thoughts.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp spoke on the "Fruits of Sanctification." "God can only be seen in His own light," was the central truth of his remarks. Our beloved Commissioner presided all through this blessed meeting, adding bright and inspiring words throughout.

The Chief Secretary drew the meeting to a close with encouraging words to those who are seeking the new life of surrender to God.

Sydney Mines' New Citadel

Successfully Opened by Brigadier and Mrs. Turner,
Assisted by Major Phillips, Ensign Freeman,
and the New Aberdeen Band.

For many years our work has been sadly handicapped for want of a proper hall. After many months of anxious waiting, the soldiers' and locals' patience have been more than rewarded.

We must say that the building opened on Saturday night last has met the highest expectations of all concerned. For location it cannot be beaten—just one minute from the Post Office. It is in the very heart of the place.

Ensign Freeman has excelled himself in the erection of this hall. He has evolved from the plans submitted, one of the neatest, compact, edifices in the East. The hall will seat a trifle over 500 people; there is also a small hall at the rear. It is well lighted, and every attention has been given to ventilation. We cannot speak too highly of the Ensign's work. The building was erected in record time—six weeks being the actual time spent in its erection.

The New Aberdeen Band (sixteen pieces) came over and rendered.



Captain MacMillan, in
charge of Sydney
Mines.

The inside service was preceded by an open-air demonstration outside the barracks, at which a large concourse of people gathered. A number of soldiers took part; the band played an appropriate selection, after which the Brigadier gave an earnest address, at the close of which he handed Mrs. Turner the key of the building, and called upon her to open the hall in the name of God and the General.

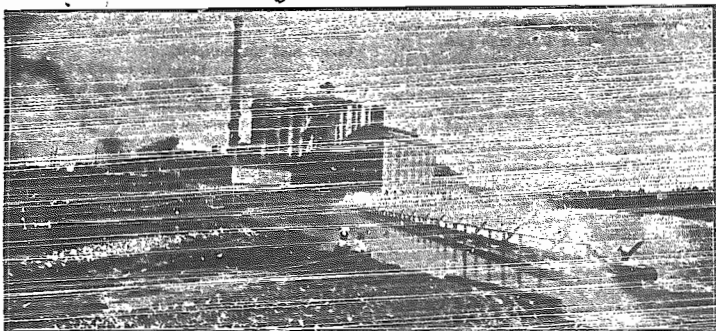
ceived, and seemed to be swallowed whole. Before the R. O. delivered his address, the Turner sang very creditably, and in a neat speech thanked the audience for their warm welcome.

The Brigadier's address on the Salvation Army was unique and instructive. He was in good luck and handled his comprehensive subject much to the interest and profit of the splendid congregation.

The financial results of the meeting were very encouraging. The program was a very lengthy one, but the people stayed until the closing song was sung, and the Rev. Mr. Layton had pronounced the benediction.

Sunday's meetings opened with a rousing song drill, at which nearly a score attended. The day was very near and everyone present received a rich blessing.

The business meeting was preceded by a March and a good crowd gathered inside. Then Mr. Turner and the Brigadier received another ovation from



Blast Furnaces of the N. S. S. & C. Co., Sydney Mines, C.B.

The inside exercises were a pronounced success. Brigadier and Mrs. Turner were warmly received by a splendid representative crowd that filled the hall.

Mr. J. Johnston, the Assistant General Manager of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, made a rattling good chairman, and filled the position as to the manner born. The Rev. Mr. Whitman (Baptist), Rev. Mr. Gilbraith (Presbyterian), and Rev. Mr. Layton (Methodist), graced the platform, and each of these worthy gentlemen eulogized the work of the Army, and spoke in the highest praise of the building.

Major Phillips, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the chairman. Mr. Johnston then took hold of the meeting, and after four or five speakers had spoken, a couple of solos and a selection from the band were rendered, called on the Brigadier to speak. Our new leaders were enthusiastically re-

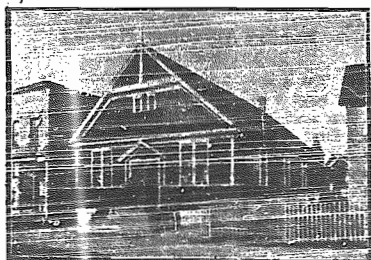
Mr. John Johnston,
Manager of Coal Mines for N. S. S. & C. Co., who
occupied the chair at the opening of the Sydney
Mines new hall.

the soldiers. Mrs. Turner sang and spoke very feelingly; the Brigadier handled his subject in his usual forceful style. One soul responded to the call for deeper consecration.

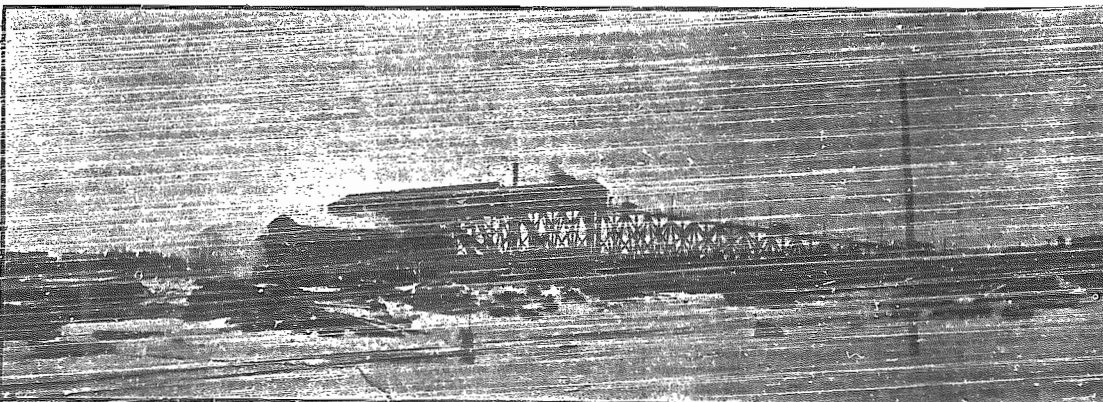
The afternoon was chiefly given over to the New Aberdeen Band boys, who more than delighted the well-filled hall with their singing and praying. The band returned to Sydney for the night meeting.

The building was filled at night with a very intelligent audience, and our leaders acquitted themselves in an excellent manner. The Brigadier's address was well received, and after a well-fought-out prayer meeting six souls found deliverance. And so God set His seal upon the building that had been built for the advancement of His Kingdom. —Siwel.

**THERE SHALL CLEAVE NOUGHT OF
THE CURSED THING TO THINE HAND.
—Deut. xiii. 17.**



New S. A. Citadel, Sydney Mines, C.B., built by
Ensign Freeman, Eastern Property Supt.



No. 3, Cellophane, Sydney Mines.

WHY SEEK HOLINESS?

An Open Letter by the General.

My Dear Comrades,—

The Proverb says, "There is a time for everything"—which must mean that there are some periods in our history more favorable than others for the doing of the particular duties that lie before us.

This, I am sure, applies to the Holiness Campaign on which we have just entered, and I want to urge every Salvationist who is not in the conscious possession of the Blessing of a Clean Heart to set himself to seek it with all his might during the days consecrated to that special purpose.

I will, in as simple a form as possible, set out a few reasons for your doing so, and begin by remarking that—

(1) **You ought to seek Holiness** because your present religious experience is not satisfactory to yourself. It does not bring you the inward peace, power, guidance, and comfort that you need. You know it does not. You make no secret of it. You don't rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks, as is your privilege.

Perhaps your experience is not up to the level of what it was when you were first converted, or what it has been during various intervals since that event. Anyway, you feel it is far below what the Bible you read, the songs you sing, and the prayers you offer, and the salvation you profess, justify you in expecting. Ought you not then to seek something better, and that right away?

(2) **You should seek Holiness** because you have a strong suspicion that your religious life is far from being satisfactory to the people around you. Perhaps they do not say so, but you know that they may be prevented finding fault with your shortcomings by the fear that if they did, you would be likely to answer them back, "Well, I am as good as you are!"

Now, least any of your family, neighbors, comrades, and friends should suffer serious loss on earth through your poor example, and stumble over you into hell, I think you should get it rectified at once by seeking Holiness to-day.

(3) **You should seek Holiness** because you know that your religious experience and character and life are not satisfactory to your Saviour. You feel that the sacrifice He made for you deserves more confidence, love, and self-denial than you have been giving Him during these last days. Don't you think, therefore, that you ought to stir yourself up to seek a mighty revival of purity and power in your soul by obtaining a Full Salvation?

(4) **You ought to seek Holiness** because you must know that God is able and willing to take out of your heart and character and life those evil habits, tempers, and affections which so seriously interfere with your peace, soil your example, and disappoint your Lord. Will you not from this moment pray, "O God, save me to the uttermost, so that I may be able to do Thy will!"

(5) **You ought to seek Holiness** because you are quite sure that one of the main objects for which Jesus Christ came down from heaven, lived a life of suffering, and died upon the cross, was to entirely deliver you from the power of indwelling sin.

Does not John expressly say: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

How often you sing, "His blood can make the vilest clean." Will you not go on to seek and find the experience which will enable you to say with the Apostle, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth me from all sin?" That is. He is not only able to do this for me, but it is done. All glory to God, I am fully saved!

(6) **You should seek Holiness** because I am sure you feel that God is worthy of all the love of all your heart, and all the service of all your powers; therefore you ought to lay all you are, and all you possess, at His feet, to be used for His glory, and for the good of your fellows.

That is the kind of religion that Jesus Christ told the lawyer would ensure Eternal Life; loving God with all your heart and your neighbor as yourself. This is Holiness. Why not seek it right away?

(7) **You should seek Holiness** because you are quite sure that if you are fully separated from evil, fully given up to God, and fully enjoying His favor, it would be easier to keep going straight on without those slips and falls and condemnations which now

spoil your experience and make you no end of misery.

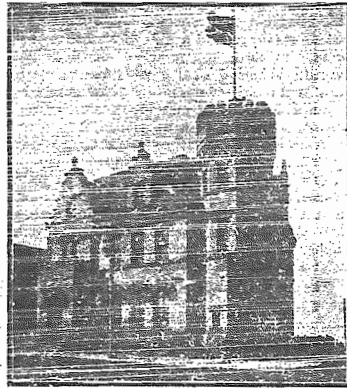
But that can only be done by your being brought into the possession of a Full Salvation.

It is the evil things that lurk within your soul that trip you up. Why, oh, why not let the blessed Spirit cast them out and make you all clean and glorious within? That is what we mean by Full Salvation.

(8) **You ought to seek this priceless Blessing** at once, because you have been singing and praying and hearing and thinking about it all your religious life. I wonder how many times you have said to your Lord, when He has knocked at the door of your heart, and asked for permission to come in and cleanse your soul and live with you, and keep you in purity and peace. "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee?"

You intend to be holy and filled with the Spirit some time. You propose to be cut-and-out for Jesus, BUT NOT YET. Oh, will you not abandon this wretched procrastination and open the door to the blessed Saviour to-day? Yea, will you not say to Him while you read this—

"Here then to Thee Thy own I leave;
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay."



New Post Office, Sydney Mines.

Faithful Unto Death.

By Mrs. General Booth.

May God help me to be faithful! to be "faithful even unto death." Sometimes soldiers are faithful unto trial, till hard marching, privations, short rations, cold, hunger, and death stare them in the face, then they strike their colors and desert. What does England say about such soldiers? And what will God say to those who desert His cause when tribulation comes? Soldiers of this Army, you must be faithful unto death, and then your King will give you a crown of life!

Ah, to be faithful unto death means a great deal. It means to be faithful when friends "forsake us and flee"; when "no man stands by us"; "in perils among false brethren"; "in perils by land and sea," when "suffering hunger" as well as when we abound. "Through evil as well as good report," when men misrepresent and slander us, and smite us with the palms "of their hands and spit upon us!" Faithful at Pilate's bar, before magistrates and rulers, and before mobs and bullies and black guards. Faithful to conscience, to principles, to man, and to God. Oh, that every one of us may faithfully follow our Lord right on to dark Gethsemane's garden, sweating under a sense of a world's guilt and misery, and offering strong crying and tears for its deliverance. Yea, and fight on to the cross! We cannot get further than that, but, bless Him, we can get as far. I know that you, my brethren and sisters, officers in this Army, have trials and hardships, and, sorrows and conflicts which nobody knows anything about save your great Captain in heaven, but He knows it all, and

But let me all Thy stamp receive,
But let me all Thy words obey,
Serve with a single heart and eye,
And to Thy glory live and die!"

(6) **You ought to seek Holiness** because you know you are not ready for heaven. If death came along to-day you know you would feel like saying to the messenger, Wait awhile, I am not quite prepared to enter into the presence of my Lord. There are evil things in my heart, that must be removed before I can meet His pure eyes and satisfaction. Let these things be taken away, O Death, and let my spirit be made all sweet and clean, and then I will go with thee in peace, sure of a welcome, with my heart made white in the blood of the Lamb.

But, my comrades, life is uncertain. The last enemy may even now be standing at your door. So won't you set your house in order, and make yourself quite ready for the Master's call, whenever and wherever it may fall upon your ear? And then with your body, soul, and spirit wholly sanctified, that preparation will be yours. Oh, seek it to-day!

(5) **You ought to seek Holiness** because the conditions on which God wants to give it you are so simple and so possible, and may be complied with without another moment's delay.

What do you say in response to this offered blessing? Jesus is waiting your answer. Will you not plunge into the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness when Jesus died upon the tree? Will you not now wash and be clean?

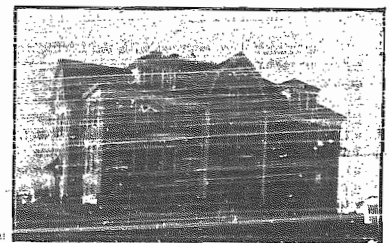
Your affectionate General,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

He says, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life!" Oh, hallelujah!

An Agnostic's Death Bed.

The light burned low in the darkened room,
And, stretched on a bed of death,
Was one who seemed to approach some doom.
As he gasped out with strident breath—
"I'm going! I'm going! and don't know where!"
'Twas a cry of anguish and deep despair!
Each cheek turned pale of the watchers near.
Each eye with tear grew dim;
And his loved ones bent to the dying car.
And whispered sweet words to him,
'Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life!
He calls unto you to come!
He says He will give you rest from strife,
Will take you heavenward, home!"
But the only answer that broke the air:
"I'm going! I'm going! and I don't know where!"
Twice twenty-four hours he wailed,
Unchanging was his tone;
The faith of those who watched him failed,
As fainter grew each moan;
The life flickered out on that restless bed,
And death, with his icy breath,
Came nearer and nearer the tossing head.
To twine, with his frost-bound wreath—
A gasp! a stern whisper! which rent the air!
He was going! was gone! and he knew not where!

Oh, give me my faith in the solid Rock!
And the arms so strong to keep!
The perfected trust that can stand death's shock,
And peacefully "fall on sleep!"
The sun—not the fog of doubt and fear,
The Rock, not the sinking sand,
The Anchor of Hope—not the prospect drear
Of not knowing where to land!
The Saviour—to guide my frail set herque:
The Spirit—to light my way;
The Father—to shut me into the ark;
The Rainbow of promise my stay!
As the infant, lulled on its mother's breast,
Unconscious of dread or fear,
Reposes, and wakes from its blissful rest,
To find the beloved one near!
The song of my closing hours shall be—
"As I start for the haven fair—
I'm going to Him who died for me:
I'm going! and I know where!"



Public School, Sydney Mines, C.B.



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GAZETTE

Promotions—

ENIGN W. G. WHITE to be ADJUTANT.
ENIGN LeCOCQ to be ADJUTANT.
Lieut. Levi Canning to be Captain.
Lieut. Edith McWilliams to be Captain.
Lieut. Elida Baker to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

The councils have come and gone. The final meeting was last night. The general opinion is that they have made a record in Canada. Staff Capt. McAmmond and Colonel Sharp, who spoke a word of appreciation in the final demonstration declared that they had been visiting councils in Toronto for eighteen and twenty years respectively, and these have been the best of all. To God be all the glory.

The crowds have been excellent. The Temple has been practically useless for the occasion. The Massey Hall, on Sunday afternoon, held 3,000 people, and at night it was simply overflowing with a living mass. Thousands were turned away.

The Sunday night meeting, "Bethlehem to Calvary," was unique and fascinating. A little incident will be a criterion of the spirit of officers and people. A suggestion was made that an overflow be held in the Temple, which is a few blocks away from the Massey Hall. I requested band and officers to leave the meeting and proceed there for the purpose. Brigadier Howell, Adj. McElheney, and Capt. McFetrick went at once, showing a soldierly spirit, and the Dovercourt Band also volunteered freely. Nothing could be more exemplary than the beautiful spirit of devotion that prompted everybody during these councils. There was not a jar in the arrangements.

The bandmen of Toronto are a splendid set of men and a joy to the Army. They turned up at nearly every meeting. The Temple Band necessarily had the most calls made upon them, as the bulk of the meetings were at their corps. They equipped themselves nobly. The full band was present when required at every meeting, and their playing was superb. It need not be said that the continued presence of these comrades, and, in fact, all the soldiers and bandmen, was a severe tax upon their time and strength.

I desire to put on record in these notes the splendid services of Headquarters Staff. The toil and labor that was done by Lieut.-Colonels Gaskin and Pugmire, also Brigadier Taylor and, in fact, all the Staff who had allotted to them special duties in connection with the councils was beyond praise. The arrangements were excellent, and it is certain that the Territorial Staff at Toronto is an intelligent, capable, industrious, and devoted body of people.

The meetings were charged with the Divine Spirit, which brought into subjection the hearts and minds of many people. The Commissioner had prepared himself carefully, and in the estimation of many people surpassed all his past efforts in both his addresses and conduct of the various meetings. There was enthusiasm and fire, any amount of it, at the same time there was truth delivered in essence and volume, condensed and elaborated, enough for every class of mind.

The old days were surpassed. Such veterans as Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Brigadiers Southall, Howell, (Continued on page 10.)

Sunday's Meetings in Massey Hall.

Musical Memorial Meeting. For Officers and Soldiers in Heaven.

From Bethlehem to Calvary. A Service of Art, Science and Song.

Ten Thousand Toronto Citizens Flock to the Night Meeting—Over Fifty Souls Seek Salvation in the Massey Hall and Temple, and a Score of Young Men and Women Offer Themselves for Officership to take the places of the Comrades Fallen in the Fight.

By Brigadier Bond.

Sunday Afternoon.

The Musical Memorial Service.

A great dignity of the Church in Canada had died. A friend showed us over the cathedral with which he had been connected. From the vaulted roof depended the funeral trappings of woe; the mighty pillars were draped with crape and cloths of ebon hue; the windows, "richly bright," were shrouded with drapings of mournful colors; a silent gloom pervaded the venerable pile, for a son of the church was dead. The symbols of death were blackness and gloom.

On Sunday afternoon we entered the Massey Hall. The warm beams of an October sun slanted across the vast assemblage in the shafts of shimmering gold. Red, white, blue, and yellow draperies decorated the architecture of the noble hall; palm trees studded the front of the orchestra, upon which were seated six massed bands, whose gleaming instruments formed a fringe of silver and gold to the Songsters and others whose crimson garb and white sashes formed a note of brilliant color. The great musical organization crashed out the weirdly beautiful strains of "Promoted to Glory," and to the time of the music there marched up the main aisle on to the platform, headed by the Army corps, bound with white ribbon, a procession of bareheaded little girls robed in white, with palm branches in their hands. First came little ones of tender years. Then those "arrayed in white" increased in years and stature until they reached the first blush of young womanhood. Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Kyle concluded the procession, which was a beautiful and poetical incident.

The massed bands played and the great audience sang together—

"There everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flower,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides that heavenly land from ours."

We were in the Memorial Service for the Officers and Soldiers of the Salvation Army now in Heaven. Light, brightness, and holy joy, born of hope in God, pervaded the hall. Which was the truer emblem of our glorious Christian faith? Judge ye.

Mrs. Kyle and the Commissioner led the devotions of the great host, and the fervor with which they prayed showed clearly how mightily the spirit of the meeting lay upon them.

The Reason Why.

Briefly and clearly the Commissioner explained the nature of the Memorial Service, which was the first of its kind held in this country—that is, on such a scale of magnitude—the great object being the remembering of our dear departed comrades, and the winning of others to self-sacrifice for the War.

The brigade of Songsters then sang "Around the throne of God in heaven." The childish trebles of the little ones, who waved their palm branches in time to the singing, being a most touching and pleasing feature.

The General Secretary read the Scripture selected for the service. It was that magnificent description of the Holy City which John saw when on Patmos, and recorded in his Revelations, a description which for wealth of imagery and beauty of language has never been equalled in the whole realm of literature.

Amongst certain members of the Headquarters Staff vocalization is a highly developed talent, and the Male Quartette rendered excellent service during the council meetings. On this occasion the Quartette sang the well-known song "There is a beautiful land on high," their strong, tuneful voices filling the building with a flood of soul-stirring harmony.

A number of last testimonies of both officers and soldiers who have crossed the flood were then read by the Chief Secretary, but as time was necessarily

limited the Colonel wisely confined himself to an officer's testimony from each country, and a soldier's last testimony from each province in the Dominion of Canada. The testimonies lost none of their power in repetition, for in tones which spoke of deep feeling and sympathy the Colonel repeated the solemn words spoken in the chamber of death, when feet were stepping into the swellings of Jordan—and they showed how the soldier dies.

The prevailing spirit of the meeting was well sustained by the rendition of Capt. Russell's song "Home, beautiful home." Like gleams of sunlight the clear, melodious notes of the singer's voice floated throughout the building, carrying comfort and consolation no doubt to many a bereaved one present. No funeral dirges, no wailings in minor key entered into the service. Exultant, free, blithe—some like the skylark high up in the heavens hymning its praise to its Maker, so was that service. "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Last Messages.

The Commissioner then read some of the last messages to comrades given by warriors who have exchanged the sword for the crown—words full of confidence in the mercy of God, and inspiration for those behind. The last words of our Army Mother concluded the messages.

Colonel Pugmire's solo, "Picture to-night," the chorus of which was sung by the Temple bandmen, was very effective.

Mrs. Coombs, who was listened to with breathless attention, addressed the meeting. Her words, must have gone as a balm to sore hearts present. Loved ones were not lost, but gone before. Often she went to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, where so many of the Salvation Army dead are laid, and with her girls read the inscriptions on the tombstones, telling of brave fights and triumphant victories. They were not forgotten. A thousand times, No! Their works do follow them, and although their graves were dug deep, their good deeds filled it as with flowers which spread a fragrance all round.

The service concluded with the singing of the hymn, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and in response to the Commissioner's impassioned appeal a score of young men and women arose in that great audience and offered themselves to take the place of the officers who had fallen in the Salvation war. A scene to live in the memory was the sight of these young people thus laying themselves upon the altar of consecration unto the Lord.

The Memorial Service was powerfully impressive, and in these days when the faith of our fathers seem to be giving place to materialistic doubts and indifference, it cannot but prove stimulating to national faith to find a people with such a radiant hope of a future life, of life blooming in immortality beyond the grave.

Sunday Night.

From Bethlehem to Calvary.

An hour before the advertised time for admittance the capacious Massey Hall, on Sunday night, was crowded in every corner. From the viewpoint of the stage thousands of faces, gleaming white in the splendid illuminations, looked up from the spacious arena, and down from balconies that rose tier upon tier like plateaux on an Alpine height.

Looking from a window on to Shuter Street, a veritable sea of faces—variously estimated as being between three and four thousand—presented itself; troubled and disappointed at being denied admittance.

In the Temple another huge throng had assembled, crowding both body and gallery of that commodious building.

Ten thousand of Toronto's best citizens assembled at the Salvation Army last Sunday evening.

"The biggest thing we have ever had." So said officers who had come up to the Jerusalem of the

Salvation Army in Canada for twenty years past.

Why, then, this vast concourse?

It had assembled that it might once more be made acquainted with "the Old, Old Story," the life of our Lord.

An Attack on the Eye Gate.

"From Bethlehem to Calvary," was the theme, for the presentation of which the latest advancement in science, and the highest expression of art, song, music, and literature had been impressed—noble exponents of a divine theme.

Commissioner Coombs had planned an attack on the Eye-gate as well as the Ear-gate of the soul. It was brilliantly conceived and brilliantly carried out.

Dropping metaphor we think it hardly possible that a more impressive or interesting pictorial service could be devised. We certainly have never seen any so effective.

The moving pictures depicted the principal scenes in the life of Christ, and it is said that the cost of producing the films exceeded ten thousand dollars. We can well believe it. The number of persons employed, the faithful reproduction of oriental costumes, the painted scenery—or were the scenes cinematographed on the traditional scenes through which our Redeemer passed in Palestine?—must have necessitated a great financial outlay, as well as vast expenditure of care and organization to secure the results obtained.

Moving pictures are necessarily monochrome, but the films were relieved by a still picture in colors being projected on the screen at the conclusion of each. In this way a large number of the world's sacred masterpieces were most effectively displayed.

There has been no artist more sincere in his belief, or more sympathetic in his treatment of sacred subjects than Tissot, a French artist who spent much of his time in Palestine, and was most indefatigable in his researches and efforts to get exact local color, and the realism of our Lord's era. The result is that Tissot's "Life of Christ" is a monumental work of sacred art, historical research, and legendary lore. Tissot's work predominates in the still pictures, but there were others, including Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." We have seen the artist's replica of that noble picture, but somehow it never seemed to move us so strangely as did that life-size reproduction on the sheet.

The Emphasis—Music.

The pictures were explained and emphasized by solos, part songs—both vocal and instrumental—and congregational singing. There were also readings from the Gospels by the Commissioner, which, heard in the darkness and death-like stillness on the part of the huge audience, produced a feeling of awesome impressiveness.

It is, of course, quite impossible to describe in detail this service, which occupied two hours in delivery, but some idea of the plan pursued may be obtained by a reference to one or two of the items. For instance, while the moving pictures representing the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi were shown the old carol, "Hark, the herald angels sing," by the special brigade of songsters, was most impressively sung. Again, a striking film representing the triumphal entry into Jerusalem was accompanied by "The Holy City," as a cornet solo. Clear and exultant pealed forth the clarion tones of the trumpet, making a most effective accompaniment to the scene of triumph taking place in "Old Jerusalem," so shortly afterwards to become a tragedy.

But an altogether different note was struck when the Magdalene was shown wiping the feet of her Lord with her hair. The action in the pictures so real and instinct with life was heightened still further when the mellow voice of the Commissioner, vibrant with sympathy, sang into the silent darkness the words of that sweet hymn, "Art thou weary?"

We have always had a great affection for Tissot's Magdalene, and the figure standing by the door with the luxuriant hair, the gaudy dress, and the expression of soulful penitence on her countenance fitted well with the words the Commissioner sang—

"If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me Nay?"

Where all was so good it is invidious perhaps to make distinctions, but the films depicting the Agony of Christ in the Garden, the Betrayal and Arrest, and Christ carrying His Cross and fainting beneath the burden, were particularly fine, and as these incidents in the great world-tragedy silently unfolded themselves before the gaze of the assembled host, and the Commissioner read from the

Gospels the narrative relating to them, the effect was dramatic to a degree—nothing stagey, only intense human feeling elevated to a point of almost breathless silence.

The Commissioner, however did not confine himself to songs and the written word, but wherever an opportunity to interject a heart thrust, or a conscience stab presented itself, the knife was driven home with a firm, true thrust, the results of which showed themselves in the prayer meeting.

The concluding item in the service was that grand old hymn—

"When I survey the wondrous cross," sung by the entire congregation.

It seemed as though the pent up feelings of two hours found vent in that hymn. Full-throated and sonorous rose the human voices, while the brazen instruments of the massed hands pealed forth their organ-like sounds, the whole forming a mighty burst of harmony, which needs that Apocalyptic similitude, "the sound of many waters," to adequately describe it.

But the effect of that meeting manifested itself in ways more profitable to the Kingdom of God than hymn-singing. In that meeting thirty-four souls knelt at the feet of Him, the representation of whose sufferings and triumphs they had witnessed that evening—a tribute to the spiritual power of the service.

In the Temple eighteen souls surrendered to God—making a total of fifty-two for this memorable Sunday night's service in the Massey Hall, amongst them being drunkards and wife-deserters.

Monday Night's Finale.

A Brilliant Climax to a Wonderful Series.

A grandly triumphant march preceded the closing service of this unique series of Congress meetings, aided by torchlights, the city bands, a strong body of soldiery, the combined force of some 400 officers and Cadets, and the entire Territorial and Provincial Staff, the procession swept along Queen, York, King, and up Yonge Streets, marching through lined sidewalks of admiring spectators.

An automobile had been placed at the disposal of the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, which followed immediately after the Temple Band.

Nothing was left to be desired, either musically or from the standpoint of order maintained throughout the route. Upon Brigadier Taylor devolved the duties of chief marshal.

Enthusiasm gained as the magnetic march neared the Temple, and it is now surely evident that our robust Canadian Army, on its 24th birthday, has outgrown the capacities of the dear old Temple auditorium. It is no longer a question of "Will it be full?" but rather, "Where shall we place the people?" Even the Massey Hall leaves much to be desired in that respect, as some thousands were fully proved on Sunday night!

Every moment was precious in this last gathering of our Congress, and yet there was neither precipitation nor hurry in the opening devotional exercises.

Commissioner Coombs has long since proved his striking ability to lead a vast congregation in the spirit of worship. On this occasion he called Staff-Capt. Manton to his aid with the mellow little song, "Only the blood," ere he (the Commissioner) gathered up Brigadier Horn's previous petition in fervent semi-ecstasies.

"May We Hear Thy Voice, and Obey."

A perfect volley of one-sentence testimonies followed from every corner of the building. Both soldiery and officers sprang to their feet with praise upon their lips.

Then the Commissioner rapidly reviewed some of God's mercies to us during the past council days. Victory and thanksgiving characterized all his remarks, nor did he forget to specially name those to whose generous services and devotion much of the mutual blessing and helpfulness was due.

The following copy of the cable despatched to the General was received with immense enthusiasm:

"Salvation, London.

Four hundred officers and hundreds of soldiers met in Autumn Councils, Toronto, unitedly, affectionately, wish to thank you for kind congratulations. Can promise loyalty colors. Trust excellent in health. Come as soon as you can."

The Commissioner's practical token of appreciation for the services of the bandmen was highly applauded. The surplus produced by the service "From Bethlehem to Calvary," to be reproduced at

the Massey Hall at an early date, will be divided amongst the Band Funds of the various city corps, to assist them in the purchase of instruments. In addition to this he donated \$20 worth of music to the Dovercourt Band for so nobly offering their services for the overflow meeting at the Temple. Another very popular announcement cheered to the echo, was that the sums gathered from the special offerings at the Massey Hall and the overflow meeting, amounting to \$100, is placed to the credit of the Pension Fund. But the Commissioner's budget of good news was by no means exhausted. He was literally brimful of infectious, blood-and-fire enthusiasms, and after all the nice things had been voiced by Staff-Capt. McAmmond, Colonel Sharp and the Chief Secretary praising God as the latter said that these councils had "reached high-water mark," the Commissioner made another parenthesis to announce his intention of organizing special soul-saving brigades, half-nights of prayer, a Territorial Band, and a brass band composed of women during the coming months, to push on this great war.

Capt. Nellie Coombs read the Scripture lesson, and wove around the centre fact of Isaiah's divines call a fervent, and effective talk especially to the young people present, who are also called to larger service for God and souls. The Captain's illustrations were forcible and pathetic, and she carried her hearers throughout in a convincing manner.

The Commissioner's Fiery Charge.

Nothing could have been more inspiring and calculated to stir us all up to deeds of salvation during than the Commissioner's final fiery charge from the one single word, "Fight."

It seemed to sum up the desideratum of all practical outcome from our anniversary gatherings, and will surely translate itself in a more determined and desperate warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil throughout the Holiness Campaign of this fall and winter in Canada. Colonel Kyle had suggested previously that it was probable these councils would go down to history as the "Holiness Councils." But the Holiness doctrines set forth by the Commissioner and his Staff throughout leave no impressions of mere passive religious experience, but rather the sterling qualities of a fighting, holy warfare waged seven days a week, against the foes of God and righteousness.

We should like to reproduce the Commissioner's address verbatim, and may, perhaps, be able to do so later. The councils closed with an individual, and yet congregational, act of consecration. With great skill our leader brought the vast audience to a personal test, and heaven alone has recorded the ultimatum of this wonderful service. As it was Brigadier Taylor has registered something like ten new Candidates for the work, besides many for holiness and salvation.

"God be with you till we meet again," was the final prayer—wish from the Commissioner to his troops, and the troops back again to the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

Sunday Night's Overflow Meeting at the Temple.

Considering the circumstances, Brigadier Howell and his aide, succeeded admirably in interesting the vast audience which speedily filled the Temple rather than go home not having attended a Salvation Army service. The Dovercourt Band nobly filled the gap, doing their part well. Adjts. McElheney and Howell, and Capt. McFetrick supported the Brigadier. The French officers also spoke through an interpreter, which lent some novelty to the proceedings. That the messages were powerful was abundantly proved by the fact that eighteen souls knelt at Jesus' feet.

Promotion of Colonel Hay.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the well-deserved promotion it has pleased the General to bestow on the Chief Secretary for the United Kingdom. He will henceforth be known in the Army world as Commissioner Hay. Canadian congratulations.

Lieut.-Colonel Kitching Visits Canada.

We are glad to announce the visit of Lieut.-Colonel Kitching to Canada. He is the Private Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, and comes here on business. We hope to report next week his meetings in Toronto. We give him a hearty welcome.

Chief Secretary's Notes.

(Continued from page 8.)

Horn, and many F. O's who have stood the burden and heat of many days during the time when fighting in Canada needed plenty of backbone and nerve, were delighted. May God reward them yet more and more for the stickability of the past.

One feature of the councils was the choice of speakers. Some meetings were occupied by the F. O's, who were given subjects to discuss, and they did very well. Brigadiers Turner, Burditt and Hargrave were well received, and of course, Lieut.-Colonel Sharp had a great reception from the new Provincial Staff and Officers.

The reports in this Cry make it unnecessary to say more, as they will practically describe the various meetings in detail. One feature which ought not to be overlooked was the addresses of Mrs. Coombs in the councils and at Massey Hall. It will be a gratification to all her friends in different parts of the world to know that she was strong enough to stand before the immense Massey Hall crowd and talk to them of heaven and the comrades gone before.

The dedications of the councils were very impressive. Adjt. and Mrs. LeCoeq were dedicated for the West Indies under the flag. The P. O's surrounded them as an evidence of goodwill and willingness to share the burden of assisting in the missionary enterprises of the Army. Both the Adjutant and his wife spoke feelingly of the prospects, hopes, and faith for the future. They are good people, and go to Trinidad with joy and peace in their hearts.

Another dedication of even greater importance in many respects, as it affects the future control of the work in Canada, was the dedication of the new P. O., D. O's, and Staff of the Western Province. They stood in a row before the Commissioner under the good old flag. Staff-Capt. McLean and Hay were appointed Divisional Officers at Hamilton and London respectively, and Adjt. Crichton was appointed to the London Provincial Headquarters to assist Lieut.-Colonel Sharp. Adjt. Arthur Morris was made Private Secretary to the Commissioner, and Adjt. Arnold the Cashier at Territorial Headquarters. Staff-Capt. Tarpin takes up important work in the Trade department. Major Rawling was also asked to stand with the others, although he had no new appointment, being already in command of the New Orleans Division. The Commissioner paid a tribute to the work and labors of these comrades and committed to them the various commands to which they have been appointed.

Ensign White, one of the Financial Specialists at Headquarters, has been promoted to the rank of Adjutant, and has gone to Vancouver as the Financial Special to engineer the arrangements for the development of the new properties recently bought in that city. Brigadier Smeeton asked for a little temporary help in this direction, and the Commissioner, at considerable cost, detached the Adjutant for this service. The buildings purchased are a splendid Rescue Home and a large property on the main street of Vancouver, which will be transformed into a hall and necessary premises for the work of the corps. At the rear a new Metropole will be erected. This is a great enterprise and a distinct advance on anything yet accomplished in the West.

The Commissioner is well, despite his great efforts at the councils. He was early at Headquarters on Tuesday morning, and busy with one hundred and one matters. His endurance is remarkable. It is only fair, in view of the great responsibilities resting upon him in the councils at St. John, N.B., St. John's, Nfld., Winnipeg, and Vancouver, that we ask the comrades everywhere to pray that God will be gracious unto him and give him strength, both body and mind.

Just one word about the Holiness Campaign. This is engaging the attention of all the Staff. It is the most prominent matter before us. It will be a sin for any F. O. to be negligent at this season. Each one ought to carefully prepare their minds and hearts for the propagation of this wondrous truth of cleansing from sin, which is the secret of the force that will move their corps, in fact the whole of the Territory towards God and heaven.

India's Lessee.

Urged Her Partner to be Courageous for God.

A faithful woman warrior, Adjt. Sarabai, who, with her husband has served Christ and the Army for eleven years past, both as Corps and District Officer, went to her eternal reward from Poona, in August last.

During her last hours, as her husband sat by her side she urged him "to be courageous for God, to work and be faithful and true, and meet her in heaven."

Lost Three Children in Thirty-Five Days.

Another veteran of long-tried Indian service, has also suffered bereavement. Her husband passed away in Ceylon three years ago, and now three beautiful children have pre-deceased her to the Goryland. Her pathetic post card from New York, addressed to Colonel Murali, commented thus: "As a mother, my heart is broken; as I Christian, I want to live still for India. How homesick I have been to get back to the land to which God called me. My sweet, lovely children—how sanctified they were during their last sickness—not a murmur or complaint. I asked Agili if she wanted to go to heaven or to live; unable to speak, she wrote, 'I want to do just what God wishes.' They all went within thirty-five days. While suffering for me, but, oh, what glory for them."

Major Devasundam. Twenty-two years' service.

Devasundam was a Salvationist and nothing else, a true warrior, and being saved meant to him fighting, and desperate fighting, too. Twenty-two years ago, while on furlough from the lucrative Government service in which he was employed, he met the Salvation Army in his village of Rani-pett. It just suited his energetic, fiery nature, and after giving himself fully to God, and realizing his salvation, it was the most natural thing in the world for him to enlist as an officer and throw himself unreservedly into the war. It was a risky thing to do, as others saw it. The Army was unknown, there was no pay of any sort, only clothing provided, with food, and that of the poorest kind. None of these things affected Devasundam; he was built of the stuff warriors are made of, and the more sacrifice there was, the more he revelled in it. After some village-fighting, with lots of souls at the Saviour's feet, he worked hard in the pioneering of South India, first of all with the "Forty," as their language teacher and guide; then hard, loyal fighting with the "Jubilee Fifty," afterwards taking an active part in the pioneering of South Travancore. Here he was Colonel Yesu Ratnam's assistant and friend. To him is very largely due the present work we have in that beautiful country.

The Boom March.

He held the first meeting in the villages now worked, and saw a crowd of souls saved; and then never rested, or gave others any rest, until the effort was made that resulted in the boom march, and big break in which some two thousand people renounced their idleness and accepted Christ and the Salvation Army. He it was who took part in so many of the half-nights of prayer that preceded this revival. Never shall I forget his sorrow when it was reported of one village, having made a profession of salvation, that they were backsliding. Something desperate must be done to show them the sin of their action, he declared. So without more ado, persuading two officers to join him, he went to the village and remained without food for five days, praying for their reclamation.

As a leader of soul-saving meetings, the Major had remarkable qualities of both brain and heart. He would often be so absorbed in the subject that he would lose all count of time, and continue for hours together without any thought of closing. A comrade tells me that the most powerful meeting he was ever privileged to attend in India was conducted by the Major, who commenced it at two o'clock in the afternoon, and closed it at nine o'clock at night. None apparently having wearied, although he was talking most of the time himself. The results at the close were so encouraging as to leave no doubt that he was being led by God.

Now he has gone, and the Salvation Army on earth is the poorer and heaven the richer. His place in the fight is empty. Will you fill it?

How often has the growth of holiness been checked by its being too hastily known, and too highly commended.—Kempis.

Rescued and Rescuer.

A Prey to Bad Company.—The Frenzy of Delirium Tremens.—An Awful Crime—Ups and Downs.—Saved to Save Others.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth gives a striking portraiture of one of her valued Rescue Officers, whose promotion to the Staff rank of Ensign was gazetted in the August number of the Deliverer, which also apprised the world of her promotion to Glory, so unexpected and sudden was her call.

We quote from Mrs. Booth's pen:—

"The promotion to Glory of Ensign Emily Stark makes it possible for me to magnify the grace of God on her behalf, by relating some of the details of her life which I should have felt, had she still been living, were better withheld. In her history we have very beautifully illustrated what the power of the grace of God is able to accomplish in those who have been brought very low, by disadvantages in their circumstances as well as by their own wilful sin. The Ensign was an only child of very respectable but poor people. They earnestly desired to do well for their daughter, and spent, we may say, practically their all upon her education. Education, fifty years ago, was not so cheaply acquired as now. At the age of thirteen she was able to secure a position as book-keeper in a draper's establishment. She was a bright, attractive girl, and here, alas! almost immediately fell a prey to a bad man, a traveler for her master, who, before she was fourteen years of age, had ruined her, and also attained a complete mastery over her. She concealed her shame from her father and mother, and remained for five years in the same situation, becoming gradually more and more addicted to sinful pleasures; and because her slender salary did not provide her with sufficient money for the gaudy dress, in which she was encouraged by her evil companion, she began a system of thieving from her employers. Finally, she ran away from home and from her situation, and was brought by this same man to London, where, after a short while, she was thrown off, and for fifteen years lived the indescribable life of a fast woman in St. John's Wood. She became very much addicted to drinking; in fact, was a confirmed drunkard, having many attacks of delirium tremens. In the meantime her father had died, and her mother, left alone, was very anxious to see her daughter again, and was at last able to communicate with her, imploring her to return home. This she did, but only to continue a course of wickedness which reduced her to such depths that she even stole money from her poor old mother to spend in drink; at last, during an attack of delirium tremens, in her frenzy threw her mother on the fire, where she was severely burned, and both were taken on stretchers to the Infirmary, from whence her mother never returned; and, after an attack of severe erysipelas, Emily came out, only to sink lower and lower, the frenzy of remorse for her mother's death only adding a further force to the drink craving. She must drink more energetically than ever in order that she might never be able to reflect. In this condition in the Infirmary, after another attack of delirium tremens, she was visited by Salvation Army officers, and finally induced to come to our Home at Portsmouth. The first stay was not a success; indeed, she was not willing to remain; but after a further attack of illness and delirium tremens we were again able to reach her, and this time she was sent to London and placed under the care of Lieut.-Colonel Lambert, in the Amherst Road Home. There were some ups and downs in her experience, and then she consecrated herself fully to God, and became a soldier in the Salvation Army; and after some years of consistent living we felt at last able to concede to her request and admit her to training as an officer. She has carried her responsibilities for eight years. The transformation and improvement has been most marked in every way—mentally and spiritually, as well as physically. All but very few of those who have known her as an officer will be very much astonished to know of the depths from which she has been brought. In parting from her we can only bow in submission to God's will, who sees the end from the beginning, and whose purposes are so much higher than ours. It seemed to us that she had just reached a condition of fitness that made her most useful. Without descending from her position as an officer, or making any revelation of her own past, she was most beautifully helpful to the drunkards and those who had great burdens of sin in their own life."

Prominent Staff and Field Officers

EXPRESS THEIR OPINION OF THE TORONTO COUNCILS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL SHARP.

The Best for Crowds and Influence.

Having had the pleasure, as well as the honor, of visiting the annual councils for the past twenty years, I feel I must put it on record that this present series of meetings have, to my mind, been the best for crowds and influence. The subjects dealt with by the Commissioner and others were of a deep, practical nature, and cannot help but bring great blessing to all who attended. The influence of the councils will be felt right throughout the Dominion.

BRIGADIER TURNER.

"Brighter Outlook than Ever Before."

If the results of the anniversary gatherings are to be judged by what can be seen, then the 24th Canadian Anniversary Celebrations, from my knowledge, have excelled anything that have preceded them. The convincing addresses of our leaders, the spirit in which they have been received, the harmony of our soldiers and troops, the spirit of the gatherings, together with crowds and results, show us to be in a very healthy condition, and we separate with a brighter outlook for the onward march of the war than ever before.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE.

Big Impetus to All.

No series of councils have equalled the present ones. The Commissioner has been intensely practical and instructive, while at the same time sympathetic. Everything has been focussed on to the life and work of an officer, and I confidently expect magnificent results. God has been very near to everybody, and the blessings received will be remembered in the most difficult places of the battlefield. The addresses from the lips of Mrs. Coombs have also been very helpful and it is a source of satisfaction as well as a cause for gratitude that God has given her the strength to do so much. The public gatherings must surely be a record. The crowded Massey Hall, the crowded overflow in the Temple, and the crowded street speak very forcibly for the power of the Army. Not least, the spiritual results were such as to rejoice every heart and give a big impetus to all who have taken any part what ever in this most wonderful campaign.

BRIGADIER BURDITT.

Inspired and Blessed.

The spiritual tone of the councils have inspired and blessed me. The faith and courage of the officers creates great confidence for the future. The stirring appeals for the developing of the personal godliness of the officer, by the Commissioner during these councils have impressed me much. This cannot fail to bring about increased spiritual life with officers, revivals of devotion and soul-saving among our soldiers.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR.

Tip-Top.

In my opinion the councils have been "tip-top" all the way through. The addresses of the Commissioner have been powerfully to the point. My own heart has been much moved, I have a bigger idea of the Army and of the responsibilities of the future of the F. O. The public gatherings I am sure will have had a great effect for good, while the fact that local officers and soldiers have been admitted to some of the sessions is bound to have the effect of stirring them up to individual effort. Toronto is bound to take a good step forward through the influence of these happy and holy gatherings.

BRIGADIER HOWELL.

Reached a New Epoch in Our History.

The councils in connection with the 24th Anniversary have gone beyond our most sanguine expectations. Marvellous in power and interest. The crowding of Massey Hall by early door, as well as the over-crowding of the Temple is evidence in itself of the onward march of our glorious Army. We sound a note of praise to God for the wonderful way in which our leaders were upheld throughout the campaign. We have certainly reached a new epoch in our history.

MAJOR RAWLING.

If I must give my opinion respecting the Congress, after being in attendance at the Annual Congress almost regularly for twenty-two years, I

would say for influence, intelligence, education, and deep spiritual blessing, this year surpasses any up to date. The Commissioner has been at his best right through. The influence on the field must be far-reaching.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON.

Lifted Heavenward.

Heavenward? Yes, indeed! I had all I could carry. The Commissioner, endowed by the Spirit of the Master, spoke with power and love, till I think there was not an officer but was blessed. It was truly a feast time to our souls. Sunday was a time never to be forgotten. God grant we may live to have many such times, for they lift heavenward. Some people say, "Oh, for the good old times!" Never has there been more God-glorifying and soul-inspiring messages from the different speakers.

STAFF-CAPT. HAY.

Full of the Old-Time Power.

I anxiously looked forward to them, as I had not been in councils in Toronto for some years, having been on the Pacific Coast. To say that I enjoyed them is but a very mild way of expressing my feelings. "Ain't they lovely?" said a comrade officer to me. They have been full of the old-time

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN, D. O. FOR HAMILTON DIVISION.

"Words of Fire that Burnt into Our Souls."

The present councils, in my humble opinion, are up-to-date in every way. God especially inspired the Commissioner. His words came to us as words of fire that burnt into our souls. Councils of twenty years ago were "not in it," to use a common phrase. My own soul was much blessed and refreshed, and I am going to my new work determined to do all I can, and with God's help to bring about a revival in every corps in the new Hamilton Division.

STAFF-CAPT. PATTERSON.

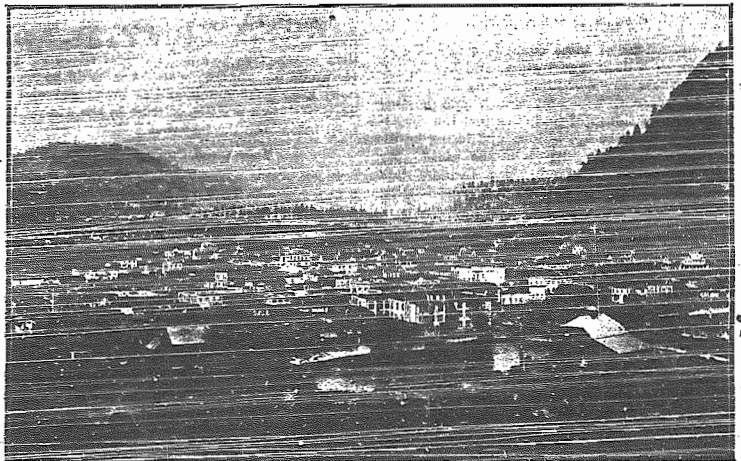
Surpass Any I Have Ever Attended.

I think the councils and meetings surpass any I have ever attended. They were spiritual and edifying. All the comrades to whom I spoke concerning them spoke in the highest terms of their helpful character.

STAFF-CAPT. MOORE.

Exceeded All Others for Spiritual Power.

It has been my privilege to attend every Anniversary Congress held in Toronto for the past twenty years, and in my estimation the one just concluded has exceeded all others for spiritual power, wise instruction, and the binding together of comrades in unity of holy purpose. I am of the opinion that the Salvation Army of the whole Territory will be wonderfully uplifted as a consequence. At the Centre we've received power which must go out in



Grand Forks, B.C.

fire, and our dear leaders were wonderfully helped of God in their different addresses. As for myself, all has been a mighty blessing and inspiration to be faithful to the principles of the dear old Army.

STAFF-CAPT. CREIGHTON.

A Mirror of Our Opportunities.

The councils have been most interesting, instructive, and whole-hearted. The addresses delivered by the Commissioner and his Staff dealt with fundamental principles of our religion and warfare, and were uttered in no uncertain sound. The great pictorial service in "The Massey" demonstrated not only the attraction there is still in the story of the cross, but also the triumph of Salvation Army organization and efforts. The spirit and enthusiasm of the gatherings throughout was magnificent, and the whole has served as a mirror into which we have looked and seen ourselves, our opportunities, and responsibilities, in such a form as to send us back to our different spheres of action resolved to dare and do for God and souls.

ADJUT. KENDALL.

The Atmosphere was Spiritual.

I have attended many anniversary meetings of the Salvation Army in Toronto, but the spiritual tone of this present is among the best, if not the best. The harmony among the officers has been beautiful. The very atmosphere was spiritual. The Commissioner's counsels and addresses were rich. The Provincial Officers and others gave some very practical helps and hints in their addresses. I am sure every officer ought to go back to their work fired for the great Holiness Campaign. If so, this will bring about a great soul-saving revival.

ever-widening circles until it is felt from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and thousands of souls be saved and sanctified to the glory of our great God. Amen.

STAFF-CAPT. GOODWIN.

The late councils have been of special interest to me, they being the first series of this character conducted by Commissioner Coombs that it has been my privilege to attend since the old days of the Commissioner's command in Canada. I consider the Commissioner himself struck the right note when he called the "good old times" our "baby days," and the late councils surpassed them in as much as the glory of maturity does that of infancy. I was very deeply impressed by the straight truth contained in the Commissioner's addresses, and the meetings in the Massey Hall may be well termed the best yet. The burning appeal of Capt. N. Coombs in the final meeting, could not but stir the hearts of the young people present to yield themselves to the service of God and the Army. Truly the Commissioner was inspired, and his words will linger with us, inspiring us to fight more valiantly than ever in the days that are to come.

STAFF-CAPT. MCGILLIVRAY.

Exciting and Edifying.

Personally, I look on this year's series of councils among the very best I have attended, and in many ways excelling all previous gatherings. The Commissioner's addresses, and that of others, have been most helpful. The spirit of the officers has impressed me very much, and they have a more intelligent conception of their positions and opportunities. The special meetings in the Massey Hall

have eclipsed any and every previous effort of that character, and must result in immense good for God, the Army, and souls.

ADJT. FRED BLOSS, BRANTFORD. For Unity and Sincerity, Unsurpassed.

The anniversary gatherings, to my mind, this year have been most wonderful, and will have a great effect upon the field, inasmuch that God seems to have spoken His will so clearly through the Commissioner to us, uniting our souls, blending our spirits, and moulding our character into one word—Love. I don't think I ever saw the officers so considerate of one another, no distinction or class, but each "testimony others better than themselves." Another word that has characterized our councils is "Sincerity." From the welcome given to the officers by His Worship Acting-Mayor Shaw to the "stupendous climax" at Massey Hall on Sunday night, there has seemed to be such a sense of sincerity that we have never attained to before. The Commissioner may feel well repaid for all his toil.

ADJT. FRANCIS HOWELL, RIVERDALE. Deep, Searching, Holiness Teaching.

For unction, light, and blessing, I consider the councils of 1906 to have surpassed all I have previously attended. The holiness teaching, as set forth in these gatherings, was deep, searching, and powerful, and cannot but yield much fruit to the glory of God.

ADJT. CRICHTON. A Feast of Fat Things.

My impressions of these councils are that they have been of a deep, penetrating, and lasting nature. That talk on "Worship," so ably handled by the Commissioner, was well timed, and leading into the deeper things of God, was just the revelation which we are so apt to lose, and losing be ill-prepared to serve our purpose in the world. My soul doth magnify the Lord. Mrs. Coombs' talk was very tendering, but creative of a great longing desire to spread out compassionate hands to a sin-cursed world, and especially to children. Self-abandonment was searching and convincing, while who can express the profound thought that flowed from the last day and night? I am convinced that from this "feast of fat things" we shall go on growing, deepening, extending, and feeling the very essence of God with us. The reproach has lifted and the glory has come again to stay. Hallelujah!

ENSIGN GILLAM.

The councils have been to me the brightest and best I ever attended, and filled me with a greater determination to rush on the war.

ADJT. McELHENNEY.

My humble opinion of the councils in connection with our Congress is that for simplicity they were the simplest, for brightness the brightest, for depth the deepest, for tenderness the most tender, and practical indeed. They were, and will be, the more effectual by the confidence of all officers in the Commissioner, being the personification of all teachings and truths uttered by himself and others.

ADJT. WIGGINS. Beat All Previous Records.

These councils rank among the best held yet in Toronto. For the past twenty years I have been attending the councils and can safely assert that for spiritual blessing received and for practical advice given, the 24th series beat all previous records. The influence of the Commissioner's addresses will, without doubt, be seen in an increased devotion on the part of all officers during the coming year.

Saturday Afternoon's Happy Re-Union. Cadets, Past and Present, Gather Together to Speak of Victories Won and Toils Endured.

It was a privilege, much appreciated by all who had the honor of being invited, to the social cup of tea provided by Brigadier Taylor for those who had passed through the Training College during his term of office. What hearty handshakings, shouts of joy, and general merry-making there was, as officers who had been trained side by side as Cadets, now met as in days of yore under the auspices of their old Principal and his faithful wife. There was not time for all to testify to the blessings obtained, difficulties conquered, and inspiration re-

ceived through the teaching, example, and faithful dealing of the Training Staff, but

Two Representatives of Each Session ably voiced the sentiments of their "batch," as the phrase goes, each sounding out a note of praise and thanksgiving to God that they had ever come in contact with such good and experienced officers as those who had the oversight of their training. Lieut. Heron and Capt. Arthur Weir ably sustained the reputation of the first session. Capt. Magwood and Capt. Harber spoke for the second, while Lieut. Hibbs and Capt. Forbes quite dispelled the illusion that they were poor speakers. Cadets Adams and Langton spoke for the present session, and Sergt. Buntun made some fiery remarks, as likewise did Adj. McElhenney. Everyone was pleased to hear a few words from Staff-Capt. Searr. Adj. Smith said he wore a bright crown that night, as he always did on such occasions—

"A Crown of Glory."

"Nothing rewards those who toil for Jesus more than to see again those whom we have had the privilege of leading from darkness to light, or have been the means of helping and directing at a critical period of their life," he said, and the rounds of deafening applause that greeted him fully showed the esteem in which he is held by every Cadet and officer who has come in personal touch with the Adjutant.

The closing remarks of the Brigadier were based on two words, "Go on." "Don't be discouraged at anything. Others may fail and go under, but you go on. The devil tried hard to get you to leave the Training Home, but you conquered. He would have done a great deal of harm had he succeeded then in tempting you to leave your God-given post. He would do infinitely more harm could he succeed now, after your influence has broadened and you have risen to a position of trust in the Army. Ever keep before you the fact that

Your Chief Business in Life is to get people converted, and sanctified, and made into blood-and-fire warriors. Make it your aim to find out the best ways by which to accomplish this and be determined to go on for another glorious year of triumph, and by the good blessing of God we shall re-unite a year from hence in still larger numbers, and once more rejoice together." Such was the gist of the Brigadier's talk, and everyone fervently replied "Amen," as he prayed that God would help us to be all true, not only till that happy time, but for ever.—S. A. C.

Thou art an holy temple unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto Himself.—Deut. xxxi. 19.

WILLIAM BRAMWELL.

How He Obtained the Blessing.

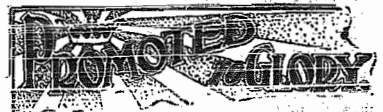
I was for some time deeply convinced of my need of purity, and sought it carefully with tears and entreaties and sacrifice; thinking nothing too much to give up, nothing too much to do or suffer, if I might but attain this pearl of great price. Yet I found it not; nor knew the reason why, till the Lord showed me I had erred in the way of seeking it. I did not seek it by faith alone, but, as it were, by the works of the law.

Being now convinced of my error, I sought the blessing by faith only. Still it tarried a little, but I waited for it in the way of faith. When in the house of a friend at Liverpool, whither I had gone to settle some temporary affairs previously to my going out to travel. I was sitting with my mind engaged in various meditations concerning my affairs and future prospects, my heart now and then lifted up to God, but not particularly about this blessing, when heaven came down to earth—it came to my soul. The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart, and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had for some time been seeking. My soul was then all wonder, love, and praise.

I walked fifteen miles that night to a place where I had an appointment to preach, and at every step I took the temptation was repeated, "Do not profess sanctification, for thou wilt lose it." But in preaching that night the

temptation was removed, and my soul was again filled with glory and peace. I then declared to the people what God had done for my soul; and I have done so on every proper occasion since that time, believing it to be a duty incumbent upon me. For God does not impart blessings to His children to be concealed in their own bosoms, but to be made known to all who fear Him and desire the enjoyment of the same privileges. I think such a blessing cannot be retained without professing it at every fit opportunity; for thus we glorify God, and with the mouth make confession unto salvation.

Holiness consists of three things—separation from sin, dedication to God, transformation into Christ's image. It is in vain that we talk about the last unless we know something experimentally about the first.—Aughey.



SISTER BUCHANAN, OF FREDERICTON.

Again the summons has come, and Sister Buchanan, the wife of Treasurer Buchanan of the Fredericton corps, has answered to the call, and to-day we believe she is singing the song of the redeemed around the throne. Converted during the early days of the Army's work in Fredericton, our sister became a soldier, and in the time that has elapsed since then her life has been a bright testimony of God's power to save. While her comrades and friends will miss her, and while they will sympathize with her dear husband in his sad loss, they will grieve not as those who have no hope, for they have the glorious assurance that if faithful they will be re-united in the heavenly home.—Banger.

BROTHER JIM BOATMAN OF WRANGELL, ALASKA.

Another brother has gone to swell the hosts of the glorified, and Wrangell corps is one soldier less, for Jim Boatman was a faithful soldier, ever at his post. That dreadful scourge, consumption, claimed him and ended his faithful life. Our comrade suffered a long time, but so long as strength allowed him he would be at his post, for he was door-keeper, and his testimony always had a good ring about it. He said something that blessed the people, and his last words were, "I have kept my promise with God, and now all is well." His child died nearly a year ago, and his wife is left with a girl and boy, and God wonderfully sustains her. It proves how God can save and sustain those who are really willing to obey and trust Him.

We gave him a real Army funeral, and as we marched from the barracks to the wharf we sang, "Will there be any stars in my crown?" The people stopped their work for the time, and it so soon made them think of eternal things. We have had several souls saved since, praise God. His widow bears the loss remarkably, and in her testimony she promises faithfulness to her Lord.—Robt. Smith, Adj.

UNCLE BEN BARRETT, ST. JOHN, N.B. EXCHANGES EARTH FOR HEAVEN.

Bro. B. Barrett, or, as he was commonly called, "Uncle Ben," has been called from the ranks of No. 11 corps to receive his reward. For nearly forty years Uncle Ben has been a faithful warrior of the cross. He first saw the light of God in Old England, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland, and since that time his life has been a constant rebuke to wrong-doing. Having had the privilege of knowing him for nearly twelve years, my verdict is that Uncle Ben, if anyone ever did, has lived a holy life. His testimony always had the right ring about it, and many a downcast soul can bear testimony to getting a lift heavenward by listening to his words.

He hated sham, but his soul rejoiced at the privilege of working for God. Until old age did its work, Uncle Ben never missed a 7 a.m. knee-drill; in fact, this world was only a stopping-off place for him while waiting for the heavenly train. He never was what the world calls wealthy, although he was not known to be in need. God, he often used to say, supplied him day after day with both temporal and spiritual graces.

He passed away at the home of one of his daughters, who tenderly looked after him while he was laid aside, and to have such a sainted father to go from her midst is a most terrible blow to her, and I might say that hundreds of comrades can scarcely realize that Uncle Ben's testimony will be heard no more on this side of the river.

A large gathering of friends and soldiers attended the funeral service, conducted by Adj. Cave, assisted by Adj. Thompson, and the city officers. Both at the house and at the graveside those who spoke referred very feelingly to the devoted, Christ-like life of our glorified warrior.—G. P. T.

Hermuda Breezes.

A Three-Days' Sail, Four Souls, and a New Boy Cadet.

The H. F. is the chief topic, and as Bermuda has not gone under yet, there is not the slightest intention of doing so in this year's effort. Soldiers worked hard to make the hall look as attractive as possible. Three nights were required to dispose of the stock of goods. The whole affair has been most successful. The Post Office, refreshment stands, and Band of Love autograph quilt all were interesting. Lieut. Stannons, the Junior Bandmaster, received the prize for the best stall in the place. Some band selections, a reading, and vocal solos added to the interest. Ensign Green, Capt. Newell, and Capt. Kenney were prominent figures, and gave glowing accounts of the H. F. over their way.

Four souls were forward a week ago Sunday night, and two since then, and the war goes on.

P. 6.—A boy-Cadet has arrived at Hamilton quarters to assist in the war. Both himself and mother are doing well.—Ensign Trickey.

Brigadier Taylor Ties Two Knots in Toronto.

Hallelujah Wedding at Dovercourt.

On Wednesday night, Oct. 3rd, Bandmaster Cutler and Sister Jarvis were united in marriage by Brigadier Taylor, in the presence of a large audience. Sergt.-Major Roberts and his wife spoke very well for the married side of life, which was very interesting. Capt. Weir, our C. O., defended the single folks in a most able manner. After the knot was tied Bandmaster Cutler testified to being saved when he was a junior, and his "better half" also gave a testimony. The Deputy-Bandmaster wished him every success for the future.—I. B.

Riverside.

Despite the inclement weather a goodly number assembled at Riverside barracks on Thursday evening, Oct. 2th, to witness the ceremony by which Bandsman Charles Brown and Sister Nicholson were united as perpetual comrades in the war. Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor officiated to the satisfaction of all.

The event became doubly interesting by reason of the fact that the date marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of the parents of the bridegroom, Band-Sergt. and Mrs. Brown, known for many years in the Old Land as Envoy and Mrs. Brewer Brown. Speeches suitable for the occasion were made by a few comrades, after which the bridegroom expressed his gratitude to God for His many mercies, the father relating his experience how the Lord met him after having drifted far into sin, and how, through the instrumentality of the Army he was delivered from sin's bondage.

Brigadier Taylor brought the meeting to a close by a few well-fitting remarks, after which comrades and friends adjourned to the junior hall, where a sumptuous feast was served, at the close of which the bride was tied on each one and presented a piece of wedding cake. We pray God's richest blessing on the bride and groom, also on the parents.—S. A. B.

Eastern Events.

Still Another Wedding at Halifax 1. corps. On the evening of Oct. 22nd, Ensign J. Green, of Amherst, and Capt. W. Burgess, of West Toronto Junction, were united for better or for worse. The many friends of the contracting parties will join in the hope that God's richest blessing will attend their union.

Capt. Cavender, G. B. M., will soon be starting out on a tour of the Eastern Province with a new lantern service, an adaptation of General Lew Wallace's great story, "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ." The service will be illustrated by one hundred and forty slides, and the Captain assures one that it is, without any exception, the very best yet. The various corps throughout the Province may expect something especially extra when the Captain visits them with his new service.

Ensign and Mrs. Cornish, of St. John I., have come to Toronto on furlough. Capt. Falle holds the fort during their absence.

I spent the week-end at Amherst. Ensign J. Green, of Amherst, is holding on here alone, but not for long. He is believing for better things in the near future. There is a nice little brass band in connection with the corps, and with some more practice it should be able to do effective work for God.

The crowds on Sunday afternoon and evening were good, but the people of Amherst appear to be too much engaged in the affairs of this life to think much about their souls.

I dropped into the Fredericton barracks during the progress of Harvest Festival. If the popularity of the Army in Fredericton is to be judged by the excellent collection of vegetables and other articles that were offered for sale, it must have a high place in the affections of this community. Ensign Jaynes has, unfortunately, been sick for the last two weeks, and is still unable to leave the quarters. Notwithstanding this, the Ensign expects to secure his target. This speaks highly of the faith of Mrs. Jaynes, Lieut. Godfrey, and the soldiers during their leader's enforced absence from the front.—Ranger.

The Local Press and the F. O.

In several cases the local press of various towns publish kindly notices of the work accomplished by the officers during their term of charge from time to time. Notably has this been remarked during the recent farewell in Ontario. Leaguty and highly appreciative reports have appeared, accompanied with biographical sketch of the departing leaders.

The "Daily Ontario," of Belleville, devoted a column of warm eulogistic notes on Staff-Capt. Mrs. Perry's labors in that town from which we have only space for the following extracts:—

"Her work here shows that she was not by any means the ordinary Army officer, as she has to her credit two of the worst drunkards in Belleville living sober, industrious lives, as well as a life-long infidel, and several other noticeable conversions. Having her mother with her, she has not hesitated to use her home influence in bringing about conversions."

"It was quite like her when she got settled in Belleville to pick out the hardest cases to be found in the city. In two instances she was successful in making what looks like thorough conversions. The secret of her success is that her religion is practical. One of the converts has been heard to say that when he met Mrs. Perry for the first time it was in jail, and he had been making that his headquarters for years. The first question she asked him was if he had work to go to when he got out, and if his clothes were fit to go along with. It made him think, he says, but here are his own words: 'When that good lady began to talk to me that way I thought she mistook me for a Sunday School boy gone wrong, and I didn't want to waste any of her time, as I saw at a glance that she meant business, so I told her just what kind of a scab I was, and that I had had all the chances necessary to reform anybody. I looked for the disappointed look to come over her face, but it didn't come. She just said, "I know it"—and she knew it, for a month after I came out, for I was drunk every day. Every time she met me, if I wasn't too drunk she would invite me over to the house to have a talk with herself and her mother. Neither she nor her mother told me I was going to hell; they knew I was on to that, but they got me thinking I was going to heaven, and finally showed me it was possible for me to go there, and I believed it, and I started, and I got acquainted with the Lord, and there is nothing now I am surer of than heaven. Say, I believe Mrs. Perry could have converted Jesse James in his worst days.'"

The Stratford Daily Beacon speaks thus of Adj. and Mrs. Bloss' work at Stratford:—

"During the past year that Adj. Bloss has been stationed here he has showed himself to be a capable leader. Twenty-five new members have been added in that time, the new hall provided for in the basement of the barracks, and the Sunday School work placed on a good footing, so that it is now progressing favorably. The band has been materially strengthened, and about \$60 spent in new music and instruments."

"On Sunday reorganization of the band was made, with Mr. John Holmes as Bandmaster, and the past Bandmaster as Deputy."

Out of Gratitude.

The janitor of the Temple was busy cleaning up the brass work one day, when a man approached him and said he wanted to see one of the officers of the Salvation Army. On questioning him more particularly as to what his business was, as is the custom of our worthy janitor, the following little story was unfolded.

Some time ago, he said, he was a drunkard and homeless. It so happened that Capt. Ducker, of the Toronto Rescue Home, came across him in this state, and she materially helped him to regain his character by extending hospitality, and supplying him with food and shelter till he could obtain a situation. Her influence also led him to trust in Christ as his Saviour, and ever since then he had prospered. He had come round, he said, to show his gratitude in some slight way for the help the Army had been to him, and forthwith handed one dollar for the Rescue funds, which was duly passed on to Brigadier Stewart.

This is but one in a line of the good done by our officers behind the scenes.

A Letter from Alaska.

The Native Work Prospering—Money Required for New Barracks and Quarters.

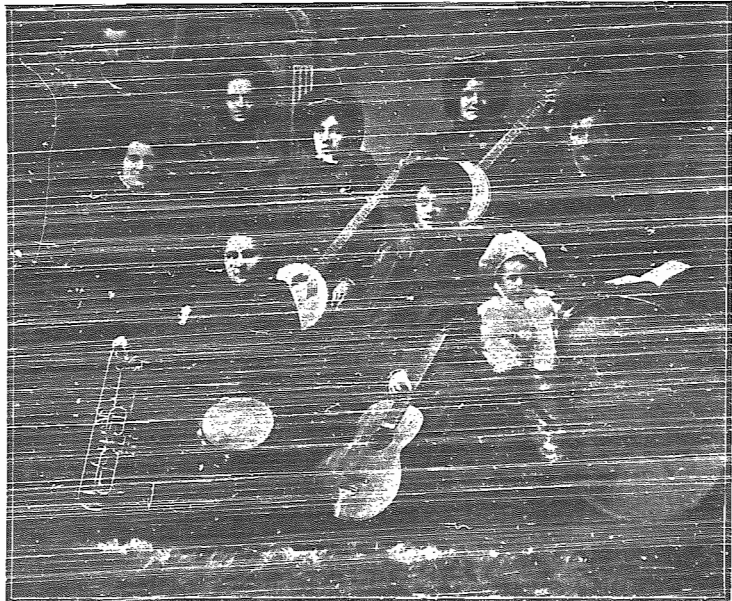
Since Capt. Hellenby has come to assist us in Wrangell it gives me more liberty to visit our District, so last week I paid a visit to Petersburg, the fishing town of Alaska, where hundreds of tons of halibut are shipped to Seattle, which gives employment to many men, and the fishing schooners come and go.

Sergt. C. Worthington and his soldiers are doing a good work. The white people appreciate their efforts, and as it is quite a central point many natives gather here, and it is with them that the work proves a great blessing.

We had three souls out for mercy—one a white man, who volunteered right out. He had been a soldier in Skagway some three years, but had drifted away. His soul found no rest in sin, so he wisely took up his cross and promised to be true to God and help in the work.

We also dedicated two children, Samuel Phillips and Elizabeth Skan. See our numbers, how they swell.

We are expecting to build a barracks here, and no doubt the good people of Petersburg will come to the help of the Sergeant and his soldiers. Already we have in Alaska barracks at the following places: Wrangell, Douglas, Kake, Shakon, Klawick, Saxman, and I go to Killisnoo this month to open a new barracks there. We need a few hundred dollars to finish up and build officers' quarters. If any readers desire to contribute anything towards this their gifts will be thankfully received by—Adj. Bont. Smith, Wrangell, Alaska.



Hallelujah Kootenay Brigade.
Capt. Moore, Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone, Lieuts. Chatterton, Wright, Cosman, J. S. S.-M. Munroe, and Sister Mcnaman.

CORPS BULLETINS

BRANTFORD. We have finished up a grand year of victories at Brantford. This is one of the most illustrious cities in the West, and one of the most favorable for the Salvation Army work. A splendid work is in progress and the future is very hopeful. To have a very good organized corps and there is great promise of a mighty winter of soul-saving under the leadership of Adj. and Mrs. Bloss. During the past year we have added about sixty soldiers to the roll. Many of these have been transferred from other corps, but a number were brought in by local efforts. They have just purchased and sold for from Headquarters, almost \$1,000 worth of instruments. We secured \$435 for the Centennial over \$1000. The festival target was smashed—\$165; and some money left in hand. Considering everything it has been a grand year for God and the Army. To Him we give all the glory; only God could have kept things together. May God abundantly bless the new leaders.—H. C. Kendall, Adj.

BURIN. God is still blessing us here. Thirteen Souls. Lieut. Packham is leading us on in victory. On Sunday, Sept. 16th, we had a good day. God came very near, and at night we had the pleasure of seeing eight souls kneel at the cross. We are able to say that they found salvation. Again on Friday night it was a heaven below, and five came out for the blessing of a clean heart.—J. Wagg.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B. Our H. F. target was M. F. Target Smashed. \$100, which we smashed. Ensign and Mrs. Campbell deserve great credit for the whole-hearted way they started into the effort. Mrs. Campbell collected \$60 herself, and the Ensign did excellently also. While we have also had some good times spiritually, while our officers have been very busy in H. F. they did not forget to see the needs of the people that night after night. There have been a number of souls to the penitent form of late.—Mrs. G. Cooper.

CHARLETON PLACE. We have just said good-bye to our officers, Capt. Miller and Lieut. Kaymer, who have been in our midst for eight months. The Sunday farewell meetings were well attended. The largest crowd was in the hall at night that has been there for some time. God met with us and blessed us, and gave us victory all day.

CARBERRY. We had with us on Visit of Adj. Habbkirk. Sunday, Sept. 30th, Adj. Habbkirk, and we were glad to have him for a week-end. We had good open-air meetings and big crowds gathered round to listen. The Adjutant made the meetings lively with his singing and music. At night we had the hall packed and the meeting was enjoyable.—Corps-Cadet.

CLINTON. Sunday was a day of power, and one One Soul, dear brother came out and got well saved. May God bless and keep him. We are steadily advancing. Our band is doing well. We are now playing out of the New Band Book No. 2, and the people are wonderfully taken up with it. Bandmaster Cook is laboring faithfully with the band and God is blessing his efforts. We have got the three sets of music during the year he has been with us. Capt. Tiller and Lieut. Harrington are at the head, and are a great blessing to us. We have already got \$20 over our H. F. target.

COLLINGWOOD. We have had a visit from our new Cashier for the N. O. D. Capt. Ritchie. His music and singing, and revival way of dealing with the people resulted in five souls seeking salvation. We are looking for good times this winter, and we also give Capt. Ritchie a hearty invitation to come again.—C. O.

COVERCOURT. On Sunday we had with us Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller. In the night meeting the Staff-Captain gave us a little of his early-day experience, which was very interesting. I am sure that the early struggles should encourage anyone who has recently started. "Remember Lot's wife" was the text, and was handled in an able manner, after which we commenced a red-hot prayer meeting. There was much conviction, and one young man volunteered for Jesus, and afterwards testified that he knew he was saved.—J. B. for A. W.

EDMONTON. We had a very serious day last Sunday, when Bro. McDowell spoke from God's Word. We had four precious souls at the end of the day, and wound up rejoicing.—Alice Chivens, Lieut.

EXPLOITS. We are glad to report that every one seems to be just like a good Newfoundland puppy. You now know that it—with a cheery smile all over one's

face, and always with a kind word at hand. The Festival—only two outcries at present in Harvest Festival—only two words, but it means more. Nevertheless we are determined to reach the mark. We have to thank the dear old General for the scheme. Ensign and Mrs. Brace are doing their utmost with their faithful few.—Fry.

FAIRVILLE. The town was stirred on Monday evening last. The city troops, led on by the P. O's, Brigadier and Mrs. Turner, assisted by Major and Mrs. Phillips, stormed the fort. Great crowds stood around the open-air, and as we arrived at the barracks it was packed full. The P. O's were introduced by Capt. Brace as the new soldiers of the corps, to which he graciously bowed. Some red-hot testimonies were given, and solos and duets came thick and fast. Adj. Cava said farewell. He goes to Toronto. Both the Brigadier and his wife made a deep impression upon the crowd.—Burning Bush.

FORTUNE. On Thursday, night we had with us B. O. Adj. and Mrs. Spence, accompanied by Capt. Oldford. We had also an enrolment and a dedication. The service was conducted by the Adjutant, and it was very much enjoyed by all. Our crowds are very small, owing to the people being away fishing, but still we are fighting on and believing for greater things in the future.—One of the number.

HALIFAX. Two Sunday ago, knowing Open-Air Successes, that there were a number of strangers in town, we decided to hold our open-air in front of a large hotel. Soon a large crowd was on the hotel verandah, in the windows, in fact wherever they could see what was going on. It was easily seen that the singing by Adj. and Mrs. Carter was heartily appreciated, and was counted the collection it amounted to \$12.57, the largest known in Treasurer Caslin's mind ever to have been given. While we were conducting an open-air in front of another hotel a man requested Mrs. Carter to sing "Mother wants to meet you up in heaven," and while she complied with the request tears could be seen streaming down his face.—B. C. Turner, Lieut.

HEART'S DELIGHT. Since last you heard from us we have been hard at work, getting our quarters done up, both inside and out. On Sunday all day we worked hard. The battle was the Lord's, and we did our best in it. At night, during a well-fought prayer meeting, our poor backslider came back to God. On Wednesday, Sept. 19th, we had with us Ensign Pitcher, our D. O. A march and a good meeting was enjoyed. The Ensign's talk on Jacob's ladder, with angels ascending and descending on it with messages from earth to heaven, was enjoyed by us.—Ensign L. England.

KINGSVILLE. We were very pleased to be able invited to come to state that our H. F. target (\$90) Each Week, has been smashed to pieces. The comrades went at the work well, and as a result of their faithful toil they got blessed in their soul. A trio of sisters visited the village of Harrow, and they not only collected money, but they went into the bar-rooms and sang of Jesus and His love. They noticed conviction upon the faces of several gathered there, and were asked to come down and hold a meeting every week, which we expect to do shortly. We are still going on determined to do our best to build up God's Kingdom.—One in the fight.

LIPPINCOTT. Owing to the very serious condition of Adj. Williams, throat it has become necessary for the command of the Lippincott corps. This was deeply regretted by the soldiers and friends, as the Adjutant and his wife have labored hard during the short time they have been in charge, and not without results. God has owned and blessed their labors in a special manner and a number have been saved. Things generally are on the up-grade. The farewell meetings on Sunday were a success in every way. In the morning meeting two sought deliverance, while a backslider returned to God in the afternoon. There was quite a sensation, and a good deal of excitement over a dear fellow whom we have been praying for for weeks, and who came out while the first song was being sung a night, and soon claimed salvation. After a few farewell words from Mrs. Williams, and a very earnest talk from the Adjutant on "The opened books," three more knelt at the foot of the cross. We pray that the Adjutant and his wife may be made a great blessing at their new work in connection with the Immigration Department.—Old Timer.

MONTREAL I. On Sunday, Oct. 7th, we had Thirteen Souls. Staff-Capt. Moore in charge all day, and we had a most successful time. The close of the night meeting we had a wonderful time.

The Spirit of God was in our midst. In the afternoon there were seven seeking forgiveness, and again in the evening we had all new kneeling at the Master's feet, making thirteen for the day.—Geo. Hides.

MONTREAL II. We had a good time on Thursday last. The new P. O., Brigadier Three Souls and day. Mrs. Hargrave, were heartily welcomed in our midst. They conducted the meetings all day. In the afternoon meeting their daughter and Capt. Maitay appeared. We worked and prayed to God for souls, and our prayers were answered. In the night meeting three souls found their way to the mercy seat. In the last six weeks we have had eight new soldiers for the fight.—A fighting soldier.

MONTREAL IV. We are glad to report good times, yet we have been very sorry to lose our officers, Ensign and Mrs. Coy and Lieut. Habbkirk. However we are believing God has called them to work for Him elsewhere, and we are going ahead to give our new officers a loyal welcome and our utmost support. We reached our target of \$100 on H. F. effort. We are also deeply thankful to God for the way He has assisted Ensign Coy in collecting towards a new building for us. He raised something over \$2,000, and the property has been turned over to the Army. We are believing before very long to be able to raise a building. Sunday all day was the officers' farewell, and God indeed met with us. The day closed with a desperate battle with the devil at night till 11:15 p.m., the results of the day's fight having been three souls at Jesus feet. Our band is getting along fine, and the soldiers are all determined to go ahead as a single unit to drive sin out of this sinful corner of Montreal.—F. L. d'Albenas, Secretary.

NEEPAWA. We have just completed our A Successful Sale. Harvest Festival effort here, and smashed our target. Capt. Weir, from Winnipeg, led the week-end meetings, which were excellent, and we believe some good was accomplished for the Kingdom. Then on Monday evening the Captain conducted the sale of goods, which was a successful one, as there was a large crowd present, who had evidently come to buy from the manner in which they bid on the articles put up, the sale netting about \$60. Mr. Lloyd very kindly acted as clerk for the occasion.—H. F.

NELSON. Our H. F. target of \$300 Target Smashed and has been forwarded to P. H. Three Souls Won. Q. but best of all, three precious souls have been set at liberty and are to-day enjoying the smile of God. Our P. O., Brigadier Smeeton, assisted by Ensign Bloss, the hallelujah song, paid us a visit last week. Unfortunately the boat that brought our P. O. was nearly five hours late, owing to an accident on the R. R. at the upper end of the Kootenay Lake, which made things a bit awkward, and hardly gave our Provincial commander a fair chance. The Ensign took the bridge and kept things going until the Brigadier appeared on the scene. Since Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone have taken charge everything is on the move, and on the up-grade.—Fighter.

ORILLIA. Adj. and Mrs. Hoddinott, Farewell of Adj. and Mrs. Hoddinott, who have been in charge of the corps here for something like twelve months now, held their final meetings on Sunday. In the morning holiness meeting, as the soldiers cried mightily to God for the true power, God, who is not slack concerning His promises, came very near and blessed our waiting souls. The Adjutant's talk, which was very instructive and encouraging, was along the lines of love. An open-air was held in the afternoon in front of the Orillia Hotel. Although the weather was a little disagreeable, a nice crowd gathered. The inside meeting was a real old-timer, led on by Adj. Hyde, and I must say that he knows how to do it. The forces rallied in front of the Queen's Hotel in the evening, and for half an hour things were quite interesting. The band, which is a credit to the Army and the town, played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and as they played the sweet strains God indeed came very near. The inside meeting was a very impressive one. While on our knees Mrs. Major Rawling lifted her heart to God, and so pleaded to God that He would bless the service that His Spirit seemed to be settling right down upon the people. There were some real good addresses, with some suitable songs and solos in between. Among the speakers was Treasurer Birch, and his talk was much appreciated. The Adjutant, after thanking the comrades and friends for all their kindness, then spoke very forcibly from God's Word. We all wish the Adjutant and Mrs. Hoddinott a happy and successful time in their new appointment.—H. C. E.

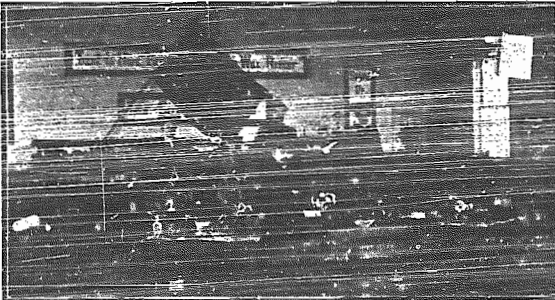
OTTAWA 1. Adj. and Mrs. Crichton, Farewell Meetings. After eleven months' service here, received farewell orders, and, with Lieut. Morris, farewelled Sunday, Oct. 7th. It was a grand day of spiritual victory all through. God's presence was fully felt, and at the close of the afternoon meeting eight souls sought mercy. At the evening service, as the Adjutant announced the meeting open for testimonies, Staff-Capt. Ellery arose and presented an address on behalf of the corps and friends touching on the work of the past year, and with well wishes for the future, to which the Adjutant feelingly replied. The service was a real farewell throughout, officers and soldiers singing and speaking in that strain. The meetings were well attended for the day, and God's influence was fully realized. At the close of this service four more souls knelt at the cross. Six souls were saved just previous to this. Tuesday was the final, and the comrades had a beautiful spread of good things in the basement, tables nicely laid and decorated. At eight o'clock we formed in a special meeting to hear the last farewell words of our officers. Led by Staff-Capt. Ellery, the comrades spoke of the most blessing and help the officers had been, and spoke the best wishes of their hearts for their future. The officers in return spoke feelingly and urged all to stand true to God. Adj. Wakefield was present and was warmly greeted. We were glad to see him again, also Capt. Bearchild and Lieutenant, of Buckingham, were here. Adj. Crichton spoke from the words, "Quit you like men," in a very forthright manner, urging all to be strong, in fact, and men in the fight, and one soul came to God. Shortly after ten o'clock, with the brass band to the front, we escorted the officers to the station. At 11 o'clock sharp the train pulled out, and to the strains of "God be with you till we meet again," and amid waving of handkerchiefs the train disappeared. We wish Adj. and Mrs. Crichton and Lieut. Morris every success in their new field of labor.—French.

PARLIAMENT ST. The meetings for the week-end were conducted by the young revivalists from T. H. Q. On Saturday night a good open-air was held and everyone testified with great power and liberty. In

UXBRIDGE.

Our H. F. effort was a huge success, capping all previous ones at this place, taking into consideration present and past circumstances.

Many of our comrades live out of the town, and during the busy fall season are unable to attend many of the meetings, but we are believing for a grand triumph. Captain and Mrs. Travis paid us a very welcome visit, and gave us a very rousing meeting. Mrs. Travis is well known in these parts.



Harvest Thanksgiving Offering at Uxbridge.

Lieut. Scott has been assisting us for some time.—Lieut. McLaughlin.

the final meeting six backsliders came back home. A powerful impression was made by the singing of "Poor sinner, to Jesus come home" by Lieuts. Patterson, Palmer, and Brother McKeppens. The Sunday morning service, and some of the comrades of the previous night were present and gave their testimony. In the afternoon one sister came forward.

PARIS. On Saturday night, Oct. 8th, Visit of Colonel and a right royal welcome was given to our visitors. The Sunday holiness meeting, led by the Colonel, was a time of much power and blessing and a number consecrated themselves fully to God. In the afternoon the Colonel gave an interesting lecture on "The World-Wide Work of the Salvation Army." He was supported by the Rev. Mr. McBeth, of the Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Bingham, of the Baptist Church, while our worthy friend, Mr. Wm. Patterson, ably filled the chair. After a few touching remarks His Worship, on behalf of the town, welcomed the Colonel to Paris. Rev. Mr. McBeth was called upon to speak, and gave the people to understand that he had a warm spot in his heart for the Army, and that he knew a thing or two that this grand organization was doing to make the world better. Rev. Mr. Bingham also cheered us on the way by his kindly remarks and smiling face. After a duet from our Brantford comrades, the Colonel took the stand, and without any preliminaries waded into his subject. From the very first the audience was his, and sat as if held by magic as the Colonel told of the many lives that had been rescued by the Army who otherwise would have been doomed to a life of misery and shame. We cannot say too much of this meeting, as everyone, from the Mayor down, was glad that they were there, and was stirred with a greater enthusiasm to rescue the perishing. A nice crowd gathered at night to hear the Colonel, Mrs. Gaskin, God bless her, had a

share in this meeting, and did not fail to deal out the truth to the unsaved. The Colonel's subject was, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee," etc. Many hearts were touched, but would not yield. Thus we closed a glorious week-end, but not without giving the Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin a welcome back to Paris.—W. Mc, Treas.

PILLEY'S ISLAND. During the past month a Consecration Service. We have had the joy of seeing several precious souls cry to God for mercy. Last Friday we had a consecration service. God came very near and filled us with His Spirit. We are going in to do more for God and to win souls for His Kingdom. We expect to smash our H. F. target.—Yours, Skifful.

PHESCOTT. Enthusiastic week-end meetings. One Soul. The interest is rising here. The Sunday morning holiness meeting was led by Capt. Bord, and was a great time of blessing. One soul asked to be prayed for. The night meeting was led by Capt. Richardson. God came in mighty power and much conviction was felt. Four people desired special prayer, and one claimed the blessing of full salvation.—Lieut. Spinks.

REGINA. We have had a visit from Adjutant Two Souls. Kaskirk, of Toronto, who was on his way West. He gave us an evening with his banjo, and for a couple of hours kept things going. There was a good house, and the items rendered delighted everybody. He certainly took with the boys, who would not mind seeing his cheery face on his way back. The following paragraph from one of the local papers speaks for itself: "They are saying that Broad Street is too wide, but if you had seen the Salvation Army rally last night outside the Palmer House you wouldn't agree with them." We had two out for salvation on Sunday evening, one of the converts being a big, burly young fellow, whose earnestness is surprising to his old pals. He has been a rolling stone, and has seen the seamy side of life in the States and in Canada. His testimony on Sunday was clear and true. May God keep him faithful, is the prayer of us all.—H. B., Corps Correspondent.

part with them, for they have toiled strenuously and faithfully with us for twelve months, and God has blessed their labors with the salvation of precious souls. The services were well attended, and were both powerful and inspiring times. On Monday we held a social evening, to take final farewells of our friends. A good musical program was provided, and refreshments were provided by soldiers and friends. Many interesting speeches were made throughout all the meetings by various local officers, etc., but nothing was said which bore such significance as the Adjutant's closing words on Monday evening. He called for a deeper spirit of unity and predicted a great future for the Army in Stratford, urging us to strike while the iron was hot, at the same time explaining to us how the Army had unique opportunities here at the present time. We trust his words will be remembered by all. He is leaving for Brantford with the smile of God upon him, and the best wishes, thanks, and prayers of God's people here. The corps is in a very hopeful state—no debts, increased roll, and a good, all-round report, to say nothing of the satisfaction of knowing that we reached our Harvest Festival target, which was \$150, being, I believe, an increase of \$20 over last year. Glory to God!—E. Church.

SUSSEX. Since last report Captain Target Out of Sight. Bigelow has farewelled and Captain Wallace White has come to push on the war, also to pilot us through of \$85 which he has done successfully. Our target of \$85 has been smashed and gone out of sight.—Philatus.

TILT GOVE. We are still laboring for the sal-
Stirring Times. vation of souls. The Gospel truths that come from the hearts of Holy Ghost men and women are too much for stubborn sinners to bear. Last Sunday night one young man rose from his seat and came out to the penitent form, where he obtained salvation from the guilt and power of sin. On the following Wednesday night another brother started to walk in the path of duty. May the Lord be with them continually.

VANCOUVER. Vancouver corps are rejoicing in the fact that the Commissioner has been here and secured valuable property for barracks and Rouse Home, etc. Sorry we could not have had the Commissioner and Colonel Lamb with us for a few meetings; however, we are looking forward with pleasure, anticipating a good time in December, when we are told the Commissioner returns to our city. The City has been in gala attire for the reception of their Excellencies, Earl and Lady Grey. The weather was fine and everyone seemed happy. We Salvationists had our share of pleasure (as we always do) for the Lord of Hosts has blessed us wonderfully since last report, and a number of souls have been won for the Master. We had seven at the mercy seat in the City Hall Sunday night, and one out last night. All glory to God.—H. N. M. N.

VERNON. We are having a good time Seventeen Converts. in soul-winning. Up to the present we have had seventeen conversions. Most of them live in the town, and are proving day by day the power of God to save and keep from sin.—D. R., Lieut., for Capt. Quisite.

WABANA MINES. Since last writing we Visit of St. John's Band. have had a visit from Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj. Cameron, and the St. John's I. Band, also several friends. Though the weather at night was against us, a fairly good number came along, and we enjoyed the concert very much. The selections and solos were very good. We beg to thank the party, through the War Cry, especially our friend, Staff-Capt. Morris, for their deep interest in our corps, seeing them so easily and unflinchingly with the completion of our barracks. It was joy to your correspondent to shake hands again with Adj. Cameron, under whose command he fought as a soldier of Montreal I. years ago.—T. M. Wilcox.

G. B. M. Competition.

After going once round the Maritime Provinces, I have some idea of the value of the G. B. M. Agents in each town. I have decided during the coming quarter to give a prize to the best collector in each District as an acknowledgment of their labors.

In addition to this, Brother Cink, of St. John West, and Sister Alice Watson, of City Proper, are running a race. Let us watch the proceedings, as it is surely going to be a lively contest.

Now, comrades, don't be afraid to push the cause. It is a worthy one; the money raised will be spent in the cause of the needy.

Those who work behind the scenes will appreciate all they do, and God will reward you at the last.—Yours faithfully, Capt. Cavender.

A Note of Thanks.

Staff-Capt. McLean, who, with his devoted wife, is appointed as the new Divisional Officer for the Hamilton Division, wishes through the columns of the War Cry to thank the many officers who rendered him such good service and so nobly seconded his efforts while touring with the bioscope. To their heavy co-operation and support he attributes the greater part of his success, and it is with deep sense of gratitude to God and his comrades in the war that he enters upon his new duties.—Films.

ST. JOHN V. Capt. W. Emery and Lieut. G. Ten Souls. Rogers are still keeping the fire burning. Sunday before last we saw six seekers at the cross, and last Sunday four more cried to God for pardon. We have smashed our target and came off with flying colors. We are having good times and God is wonderfully helping us.—H. R.

SEAL COVE. On Sunday night we had an old-timer. The hallelujah squall struck us, and the glory came filling our souls. One dear brother that was under conviction for months came forward and found pardon for all his sins. Old soldiers and young soldiers dance for joy.—Sweet Weather.

SOO, ONT. We have just completed our Harvest Two Souls. Festival. We hit the target. Our Treasurer, Mrs. Livingston, sixty-two years of age, collected double all other targets. The hall was nicely decorated, and we had a good day on Sunday, with two souls at the mercy seat.—Grix.

STURGEON FALLS. During the past few No Pictures but months the fighting has been hard and severe in this place, and rendered more difficult on account of having no hall the greater part of the time, but, thank God, victory has been on the Lord's side. We were disappointed on Wednesday night in not seeing the moving pictures, on account of the instrument going astray, but on the following night our hearts were rejoiced over two wanderers returning to the fold, for which we give God the glory.—D. A. B.

STRATFORD. Adj. and Mrs. Bloss received Officers' Farewell, their marching orders last week, and so their farewell took place this last week-end. It is with much regret that we



Songs for Memorial Services.



WHERE MY HOME IS.

Tune.—N.B.B. 253.

1 I have a home that is fairer than day,
And my dear Saviour has shown me the way;
Oh when I'm sad and temptations arise,
I look to my home far away.

Chorus.

My home is in heaven, there is no parting there,
All will be happy, glorious, bright, and fair;
There'll be no sorrow, there'll be no tears
In that bright home far away.

Friends I shall see who have journeyed before
And landed safe on that beautiful shore;
I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,
In that bright home far away.

Oh, who will journey to heaven with me?
Jesus has died that we all may go free.
Come, then, to Him who has purchased for you
A crown in that home far away.

THERE'S VICTORY FOR ME.

Tune.—My Beautiful Home (N.B.B. 10).

2 Why should I be a slave to sin?
To live without, or toes within?
Sometimes I mount, sometimes cast down,
Sometimes all smiles, sometimes all frown.

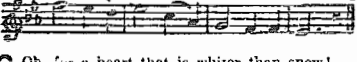
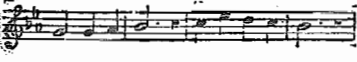
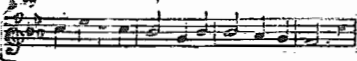
There's victory for me!
Thro' the blood of the Lamb there is victory for me.
He came to set His people free,
And give them perfect victory.

Sin will abound till grace comes in,
Then grace shall triumph over sin;
Just now, dear Saviour, let it be,
Now give me perfect victory.

Be Thou my strength, be Thou my all,
Then surely I shall never fall;
If none can pluck me from Thy hand,
I more than conqueror shall stand.

'Tis true, I have no room to boast,
When most I'm saved I'm humbled most;
Kept low by grace, and not by sin,
My soul shall make her boast in Him.

O for a Heart that is Whiter than Snow.



3 Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Kept, ever kept, 'neath the life-giving flow,
Cleansed from all passion, self-seeking, and pride,
Washed in the fountain of Calvary's tide.

Chorus.

Oh, for a heart whiter than snow!
Saviour Divine, to whom else can I go?
Thou who didst die, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Calm in the peace that He loves to bestow;
Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,
Ready for service whenever He shall choose.

Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
With the pure flame of the Spirit aglow;
Filled with the love that is true and sincere,
Love that is able to banish all fear.

Oh, for a heart that is whiter than snow!
Then in His grace and His knowledge to grow;
Growing like Him who my pattern shall be,
Till in His beauty my King I shall see.

SOLO.

Looking This Way.

4 Over the river faces I see
Fair as the morning, looking for me;
Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair,
Watching and waiting patiently there.

Looking this way, yes, looking this way,
Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day,
Dear ones in Glory looking this way.

Father and mother, safe in the vale,
Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
Bearing the loved ones over the tide
Into the harbor, near to their side.

Brother and sister, gone to that clime,
Wait for the others coming sometime;
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow,
Watching for dear ones waiting below.

Sweet little darling, light of the home,
Looking for someone, beckoning "Come."
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew,
Anxiously looking, mother, for you.

Jesus, the Saviour, bright morning star,
Looking for lost ones straying afar;
Hear the good message, why will you roam?
Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

GOD IN MERCY NOW IS CALLING.

Tunes.—Autumn; or, On the Cross of Calvary.

5 God in mercy now is calling,
Listen to His loving voice,
The heavenly dew is falling,
And shall make the earth rejoice,
Take the cup of God's salvation,
For the message you have heard;
The gracious invitation
Is recorded in His Word.

Follow now the Spirit's leading,
And repent from every sin;
With your weary heart His pleading,
For He longs to enter in.
Christ to you shall be a treasure,
For within you He shall live,
And His service be a pleasure,
Such as earth can never give.

By His counsel He shall guide you
As from strength to strength you go,
And no evil shall beside you
In your pilgrimage below.
Though the tempter should assail you
With the fiery darts of sin,
God's power can never fail you
While His Spirit dwells within.
D. McLeod, Halifax.

HOW WILL YOU DO?

Tune.—N.B.B. 94.

6 When you come to Death's cold flood,
How will you do?
You who now neglect your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day,
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray,
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scoff, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the wave,
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you brave the awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail,
Every reed and prop will fail,
Forms will be of no avail,
How will you do?

HOLINESS CAMPAIGN

The Special Series of Thursday Holiness Meetings in connection with the Campaign at the Temple will be conducted by the following leaders:—

- November 1—Brigadier Bond.
- November 8—Brigadier Southall.
- November 15—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.
- November 22—Brigadier Taylor.
- November 29—Brigadier Howell.
- December 6—Colonel Kyla.
- December 13—Brigadier Collier.
- December 20—COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

Plan of Eastern and Newfoundland

Fall Councils

THE TOUR OF

Commissioner

AND

Mrs. Coombs.

St. John, N. B.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th.—Reception of THE COMMISSIONER and Welcome to Officers, at No. 1, Citadel, at 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th.—Soldiers' Councils, 7.45 p.m.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28th.—Three Great Meetings in the Opera House, commencing at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. At 7 p.m. "The Shadow of the Cross."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29th.—Officers' Councils. At 8 p.m. a Great United Holiness Meeting in the No. 1 Citadel.

Newfoundland.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st.

3 p.m. FORT DE GRAVE.

8 p.m. BAY ROBERTS.

St. John's, Nfld.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2.—Noon—Reception of the Commissioner at the Station. 3 p.m., Officers' Council. 5.30 p.m., Officers' Tea. 8 p.m., Great Welcome Meeting in the Citadel.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd.—Officers' Councils at 10.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Soldiers' and ex-Soldiers' Council at No. 1 Citadel at 7.45 p.m.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4th.—11 a.m. Great Holiness Convention at No. 1 Citadel. 3 and 7 p.m. Salvation Meetings in the Methodist College Hall. (The New Provincial Officer for Newfoundland will be installed by the Commissioner on Sunday afternoon.)

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5th.—2.30 p.m. Officers' Councils. 8 p.m., Moving Pictures, "From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Methodist College Hall.

The Commissioner will be accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and Adj. Morris.